

Earthquake
Coming!

Richard Perry

ROLLING STONE

ACME

No. 31

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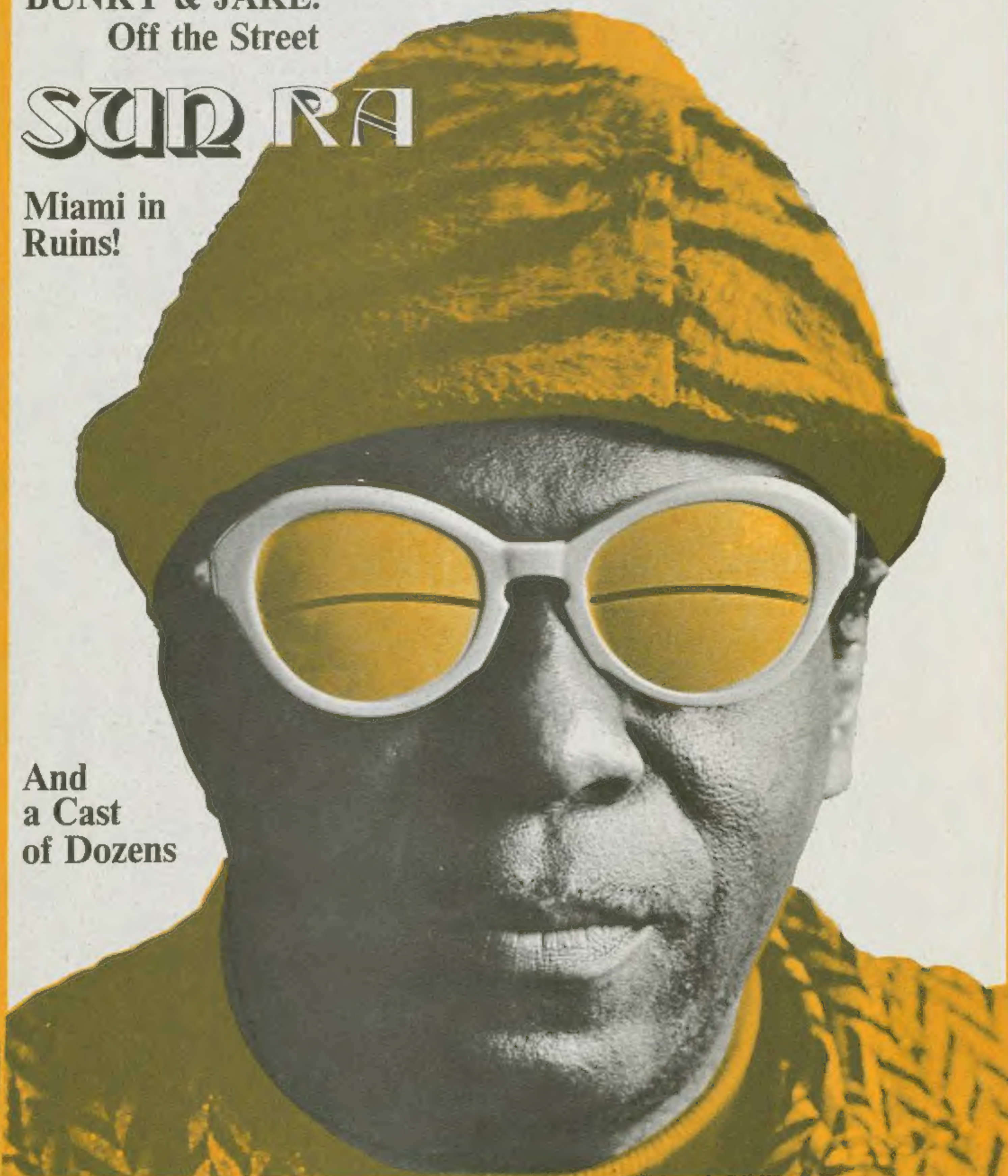
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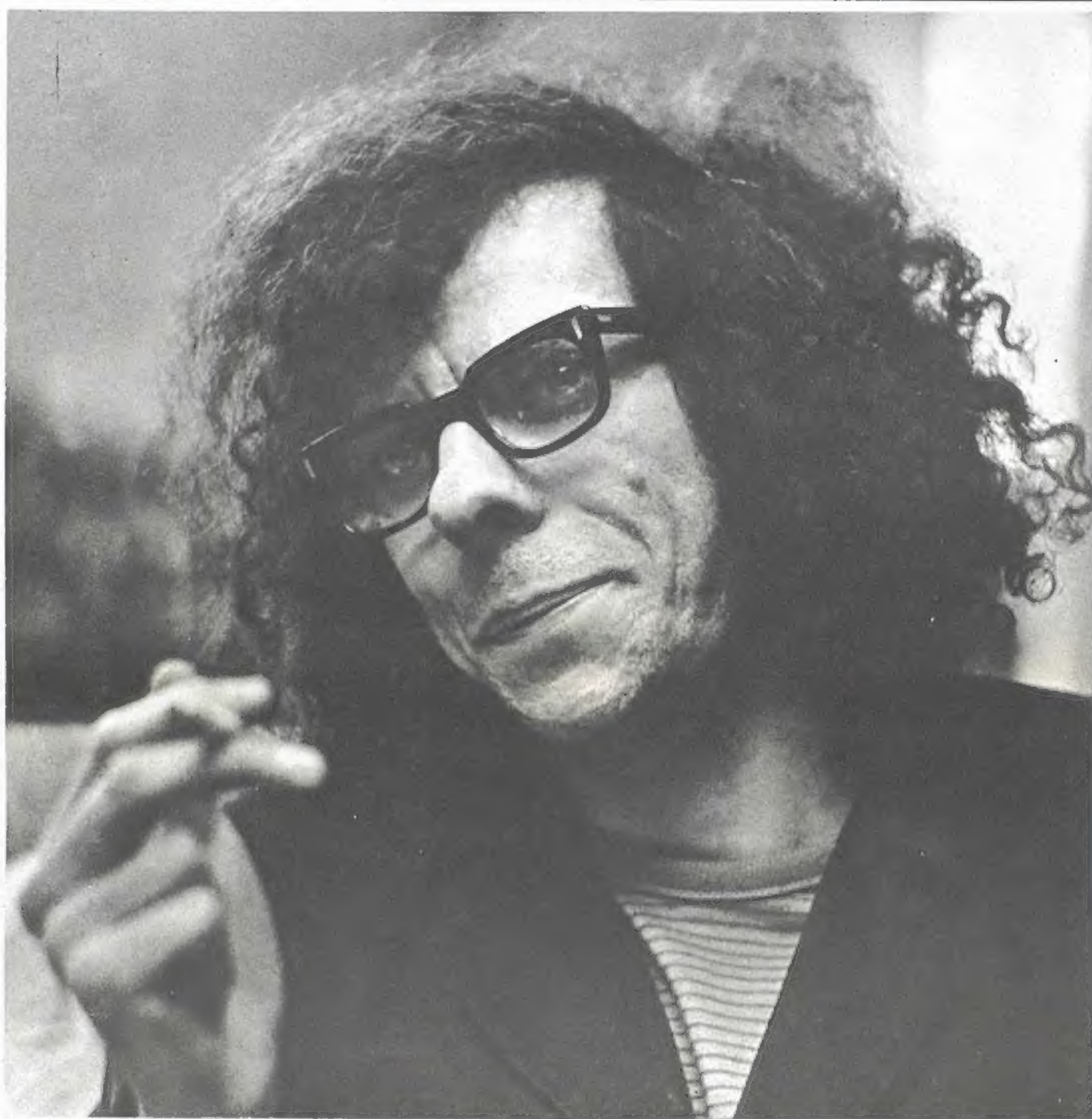
BUNKY & JAKE:
Off the Street

SUN RA

Miami in
Ruins!

And
a Cast
of Dozens





BARON WOLMAN

This is Jake, who is one-half of Bunky & Jake. He does one-half the rapping about how that happened, page 20.

EARTHQUAKE! CALIFORNIA FEARS FEAR ITSELF!

By JERRY HOPKINS

Atlantis will rise,
Sunset Boulevard will fall.
Where the beach used to be
Won't be nothin' at all.

—Cass Elliot
"California Earthquake"

LOS ANGELES—It's time for the world to end—again. Or at least a hefty chunk of it: All California west of the San Andreas fault, which includes just about everything from San Francisco south to the Mexican border. Gonna go slidin' right into the sea. In April.

Outrageous? Not only that—according to earthquake scientists—it's also quite impossible.

Nonetheless, it is "the California earthquake," the title of Cass Elliot's first single record, released some months ago, that is occupying the conversation and thought of much of California these days. Also, quite a lot of the activity.

Item: Last fall Mrs. Elizabeth Steen

and her family left San Francisco for Spokane, Washington, after Mrs. Steen said she had had visions of massive earthquake destruction. Because she was a "mystic" with a following, at least 35 other families followed her.

Item: A number of Pentecostal preachers in southern California said they had been visited by God, who warned them California was to be punished for its sinful ways. So on God's advice, they packed up their congregations and headed inland—to Missouri and Tennessee.

Item: A spokesman for Los Angeles city schools says some children are so disturbed by the earthquake stories, teachers have felt compelled to include survival procedures along with New Math (while the local Civil Defense office is swamped by requests for a series of free disaster-and-survival pamphlets).

Item: In mid-March about a dozen members of a "telepathic society" that

claims to be 6,000 years old—the Fellowship of the Ancient Mind—visited city hall to apply for a salvage permit to "restore the city" after the earthquake hits. (Sadly, they hadn't the required \$66 fee.)

There's been so much talk, so much activity, in fact, the university that is home base to the world's leading authority on earthquakes, Dr. Charles Richter, has issued a three-page statement. Caltech's basic message: "Wild predictions of disastrous earthquakes are not supported by scientific evidence and are frightening many Californians needlessly."

The statement says the San Andreas fault, responsible for most quakes in the past, has been in existence (running from Mendocino County to the Imperial Valley) for five-million years . . . and movements probably will continue for millions more.

But, Caltech's scientists say, "an earthquake is no more predictable now than

in the past, nor is one day more probable for an earthquake than any other. There is no such thing as earthquake weather." Richter termed the predictions that part of the state would fall into the Pacific "clearly ridiculous."

The statement added that it is not the earth movement people have to fear, for this generally amounts to no more than 10 to 20 feet at the quake's center. "Very few people are ever injured or killed by earthquakes as such," Richter said. "They lose their lives or are injured in the collapse of old and unsafe buildings which should be reinforced or replaced, or in fires which get out of control."

Richter also denied the story he was leaving the state. He said he would leave his home in Pasadena for a period of three days for a speaking engagement in Washington, but then would be returning immediately thereafter.

Sources of the earthquake stories range from the psychics and ministers who've

—Continued on Page 6

THE BODY



AND THE MIND



The
Great
American
Eagle
Tragedy.
Reunites your head and heart.
Earth Opera
makes you whole
again.





RICHARD WYNN

From San Francisco CAMERA, a new magazine of photography

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CORRESPONDENCE, LOVE LETTERS & ADVICE

SIRS:

So Bobby Colomby says that Blood, Sweat and Tears gets "funny" groupies. Harumph! I take that as a personal insult and I'll be darned if I ever ball him again. I'll keep going to "peep" shows without him. Love.

NO NAME (in case I change my mind)
 NEW YORK CITY

It seems to me that perhaps many of the FM rock radio problems of the past year could be solved if some of the wealthy rock groups you so often write about would finance the purchase of a radio station. From the article on the KMPX strike last year it appears that enough advertisers would support the new station to make it a financial success. What about Apple Corp? They seem to have tried everything else.

The San Francisco Chronicle reported the sale price of KMPX to the National Science Network to be \$1 million, and the station already has advertisers and listeners cultivated by the present staff of KSAN. A million dollars is a lot of money, but it shouldn't be beyond the resources of several groups together, and according to your accounts, it is making money. It could be a success, it doesn't have to be another Carousel Ballroom.

I can hear some of the complaints already: "Just what San Francisco needs, another rock station," etc. However, the FM rock stations don't seem to be improving; you mentioned play lists on some of them. So tell me why it can't be done.

JOEL NEECKE
 KENTFIELD, CALIFORNIA

SIRS:

It has been brought to my attention by an article in the magazine Billboard for the week of March 10-14, that Elektra Records, because of pressure put on by honky businessmen, has been forced to change the title song of the MCS album from "motherfuckers" to "brothers and sisters."

This is definitely a bring down. I heard the MCS LP (of which I am a

proud owner) and the energy is absolutely unbelievable. The following day, I heard the single, which completely destroyed the energy flow of the album.

It is a shame that Elektra, a company that has been good to rock musicians, has to be a victim of the Establishment. To my brothers the MCS, Peace. To the businessmen, I bid a kindly Fuck You!

LONNIE HARRINGTON
 BRONX, N.Y.

SIRS:

Mendelssohn's review of Led Zeppelin was a 100% lie. Pure bullshit. Never has there been such a great band since Winwood's departure from Traffic.

ERIC CHAPPE
 BROOKLYN, N.Y.

SIRS:

"Beck's Bolero" was written by Page. I think he has the right to do it backwards.

JONATHAN FROG
 SACRAMENTO, CALIF.

SIRS:

A lot of people in this city wanted to, but were unable to thank the Grateful Dead for coming to Omaha. We all realize there were other places the Dead could have, and would rather have played, but we're glad they came here and fucked up our heads with their great live music. No one that could even touch them have been in Omaha before.

If what Jerry Garcia said at the beginning of the gig, "This is the lamest trip we've ever been on," turned out to be true, we are sorry, but I just wanted them to know that some of us appreciated them. (Even if there were a lot of sterile college boys there who wanted to psychoanalyze them.)

JIM GARTNER
 OMAHA, NEBR.

SIRS:

It strikes me as incredible that no one, and especially you fellows who live by watching it all (it's wonderful!), notices or says plainly that the Grateful Dead, who bring you to heaven and keep you there with hit after heightful hit, and Laura Nyro, who transcends any kind

of category and is an earthling we can all be proud of for achieving such beauty on earth, are the giants of some great something in music that has sprung—lo!—from rock!

(Am I wrong?) ("She could be wrong!") ("But I don't think she is!")

MRS. WILLY KNUCKLES
 BROOKLYN, N.Y.

SIRS:

Will you do a fucking interview with Jerry Garcia!

STEPHEN LANDOLT
 BERKELEY

SIRS:

There appears to be a faceless committee or censorship board which decrees who shall participate in a so-called open Bay Area jam session. The general attitude of those "in charge" seems to be "Who the hell are you?" or, "Who do you play with?" or, "How many names can you drop?"

I don't wish to force myself on anyone. I just want a semblance of equal rights to sing my songs. I could include a resume but I won't. I don't have to prove myself to clubowners and their stooges; only to musicians, and I've done that. It is degrading to enforce the precept that the people who make the music should have to drop names and kiss ass and pay. Fuck clubs and owners, fuck the union, and fuck music stores. Maybe the musician will survive the businessmen.

ROBERT PARKER SEAL
 SAUSALITO, CALIF.

SIRS:

Would it be out of your range to do an article, or a series of articles, on the duties and despairs of being a road manager? This is what I would like to do during the summer. I can see no reason why a girl could not make a competent road manager.

On the plus side, I am very strong and can carry and keep track of equipment; I am reliable and prompt; I have initiative and some ingenuity; I can cook, clean up, do some sewing and would like to learn more, so I could do some making of clothes; I can take care of domestic

—Continued on Page 4

Random Notes

Cass Elliott has dropped 120 pounds at the rather exorbitant price of "about \$2000 a pound." (A quarter of a million dollars worth of bookings were canceled because of sickness resulting from the diet). The non-so-big ex-Mama now weighs in at a cool 164 and is aiming for 109 and a new wardrobe. Should she make it, Cass could practically form a new group with the lost excess baggage.

When James Brown reported for his film debut, a cameo role in *The Phynx*, the part was described as having him march into an Army general's office, followed by his entourage, do a little spin from his concert act, drop some papers on the general's desk, and split — the same way he leaves a stage, with all the appropriate falls and final shouts. Brown said he didn't think he could do that — explaining quite seriously that because this was to be his first film, he felt he should not do something from the act, but a serious bit of acting.

The producers of the film, Bob Booker and George Foster (who have been responsible for a number of comedy albums), agreed. So James Brown will be an "actor" — not a "performer" — in *The Phynx*. The screenplay was written by Stan Cornyn, two-time Grammy winner for best album liner notes (1967, 1968). The film is being produced by WB-7 Arts Films.

Business and Pleasure Department: Since actors and actresses already take it all off along the Great White Way in *Hair*, off- and off-off-Broadway theater will soon resort to the *ou naturel* next step of having them actually fuck each other in *Chel*, a new play by Lennox Raphael to be presented at the Free Store Theater on Cooper Square. According to director Ed Wode, screwing will take place only when the participants feel up to it. Otherwise, they'll fake it. That's one way to get laid!

The mercurial Jeff Beck has come and went again. He decided that his new band ought to be playing new music, or new arrangements, or something else besides what he has been doing all along, or something. So he cancelled this present U.S. tour in Minneapolis (thereby cutting himself out of gigs in 13 cities) and split for London with his band, there to think things over some more and try out a couple of things. They may return in May for a Fillmore East gig (the May 2nd week-end). And then again . . .

It had to happen. Somebody had to suggest doing a film about the Plaster Casters of Chicago, Frank Zappa and his record label, Bizarre, somehow controlling at least the public movements of the two Chicago groupies, are now considering a proposal for such a film from John Urie Productions. Urie would produce and probably direct the planned documentary and Bill Norton Jr. would write the script. (Bill Sr. wrote Hollywood's *Scalphunters* and *Sam Whiskey*.) Urie's company previously filmed the promotional flick for Jefferson Airplane's "Greasy Heart" and a 25-minute feature-short on Spanky and Our Gang.

The whole Janis Joplin hype has grown to outrageous proportions, whereby impossible goals have been established for her. No singer could deliver an absolute orgasm with every phrase — not Billie Holiday, not Edith Piaf, not Aretha — and yet somehow Janis is supposed to. We saw her at Winterland in San Francisco. The band's not entirely together, but they play tough rhythm and blues. And Janis has never sounded better — screaming, crooning, belting, shouting . . . it was a gas. Closing night the home-town audience were on their feet, shouting for one encore and then another, but after treating them to "Ball and Chain," Janis, looking exhausted and happy, took a swig of Southern Comfort, walked to the mike and said: "No more." The stomping and the applause stopped some while later.

Methamphetamine — speed — is one of the awfulest and vilest plagues ever to reach the planet Earth, and the time

has come to wage total war on it.

1—Every time you sight speed, seize it and flush it down the toilet. Be prepared to fight. Try not to maim, but get rid of speed. Rip off speed connections. Some things have no right to exist. Speed is one of them. No one is permitted to sell speed.

2—Every time you see a hypodermic instrument, break the point and crush the barrel. Render the outfit inoperable. Destroy as many outfits as you can. Outfits have no right to exist.

3—Every time you sight a speed factory, throw a super Molotov cocktail in the lab room. (Get people out of the building first.) Use a plastic Clorox bottle and a cup of soap liquid for every gallon of gas. Place six gallons in the lab room and set off with a small coke bottle-type of firebomb.

Call the fire department after torching speed factories. It is a courteous thing to do. This message is brought to you by the International Speed Vigilantes (courtesy of the SF Express-Times, where first it appeared).

David Crosby, Steve Stills, and Graham Nash will each record solo albums for Atlantic in the fall after a second LP by the entire Crosby, Stills, and Nash group. The band, which also includes drummer Dallas Taylor, expects to add a bassist soon. Crosby, Stills, and Nash have a backlog of over 60 "solid" songs to work from, and intend to do a lot of concert as well as studio work. A Carnegie Hall gig is already set for late spring or early summer.

Jerry Lee Lewis tore it up on St. Patrick's Day at Steve Paul's Scene in Gotham. The place was packed and the audience so enthusiastic that Lewis, moved almost to tears, vowed to return as soon as he could for a week's engagement. "To hell with Carnegie Hall," he said. "I'm going to play right here." Great balls of fire! Booned by a Los Angeles crowd at a Doors concert several months ago, Lewis had shied away from a hip club like the Scene, fearing a repeat Brooklyn raspberry. But Steve Paul followed him around the country, finally talked him into an appearance, booked him for a single night months in advance.

Try as they might, Atlantic Records still can't announce the finalization and signing of the imminent Eric Clapton, Steve Winwood, and Ginger Baker group. Sources say the three have already gone into the studio at least twice on their own time. But legal hassles still hang over two-thirds of the late Cream and Winwood. The best high-powered legal minds from two countries are working on the problem, and should reach some solution sometime, maybe.

The news that fits: In San Clemente, California, the chief of police had his own son busted for dealing dope, saying: "If my kid has to go down the tubes, that's the way it has to be." Same thing happened to the son of the Ross, California, police chief. At Fort Sill, Oklahoma, an Army staff sergeant got his hands slapped (demoted in rank to corporal) in punishment for decapitating two dead Viet Cong soldiers. Four San Francisco Presidio soldiers were sentenced to a total of 49 years at hard work for "mutiny" after having sung "We Shall Overcome" in protest over the shotgun killing of a deranged prisoner by a stockade guard. At Brown University, a curriculum committee recommended dropping credit for ROTC. Fort Lauderdale, Florida, braced itself for the annual Spring Vacation onslaught of college students—the old where-the-girls are number—and in one week six West Coast whales, for whom the ocean is not exactly a vacation-time scene, washed up onto the beach dead, apparently from the effects of all the oil the Union Oil Company has allowed to spew into the Santa Barbara coastal waters. This news off the wires from Salt Lake City: "Saying military nerve

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LOVE LETTERS AND ADVICE

—Continued from Preceding Page

things; I am quite good at digging up capos, cords, drumsticks, extra strings, fuses, and all the other vital things that get left behind; I'm willing to work hard for little pay; I can pacify cops and club-owners, and I'm eager to learn enough about electronics to help set up and to make repairs asking questions at every step; I'm good with money and can learn to judge contracts (my father is a lawyer) and to get accommodations; I'm usually fairly cheerful and I want to learn what I don't know.

I take pretty good publicity photographs of groups, can handle some PR work, I could probably handle lighting and would like to set up an appropriate light show. I make friends with bands pretty easily. I have a good sense of direction and of what's up in a town I've never been in before.

The only thing I can think of I will not do is to whore for the group.

I can prepare myself for almost any emergency as long as I get some idea of what emergencies might possibly arise. I would like to think I will be able to take this on, but I can't be sure.

KEITH—(JUST A NICKNAME)
PERSONAL POST BOX 56
TOWER F, BOX 1006
HEMPSTEAD, NEW YORK

SIRS:

Like John Foreman, I attended the farewell Cream concert at Madison Square Garden. In fact, I was sitting right behind Ellen Sander, and the reception I heard Terry Reid get was very much like what she described—hostile at first but quite warm by the end.

While I disagree with Ellen about whether the audience was right, she certainly didn't get her information from a press release.

BOB CHRISTGAU
NEW YORK

SIR:

I have seen, and it seemed funny to me, letters in your past issues coming from the pens of extremely over-angry parents who don't want their sweeties

corrupted by your so-called "gross, utterly disgusting, appalling, shameful, un-American, gruesome trash." I laughed, but I am now placed in the same position—recently all my past issues were burned by "them" and my subscription stopped.

It's not the six bucks that I put into it that bugs me, it's the principle of the thing. Some of the news you read in the papers is far worse than the truthfulness of ROLLING STONE.

So now my face enters the Hall of Fame of Left-outs and the Deprived of the Essential Factors of Life, and I step one step farther . . . into black oblivion.

JEFF McLAUGHLIN
READING, PA.

SIRS:

Although I don't go along with his blanket acceptance of Antonioni's work, I thank Gene Youngblood for his interview if only because it points the Italian director up as being verbally a fool.

When Antonioni says that because he doesn't understand 2001 Kubrick must be confused, he is a presumptuous fool. And since everyone's ideas and needs of freedom are different, when Antonioni says, "If someone is violent toward those who seek freedom, that's bad. But if those who seek freedom use violence to achieve it, that's good. Fuck ethics," he is being a dangerous one. I mean, what about those of us to whom freedom means the freedom from all physical violence?

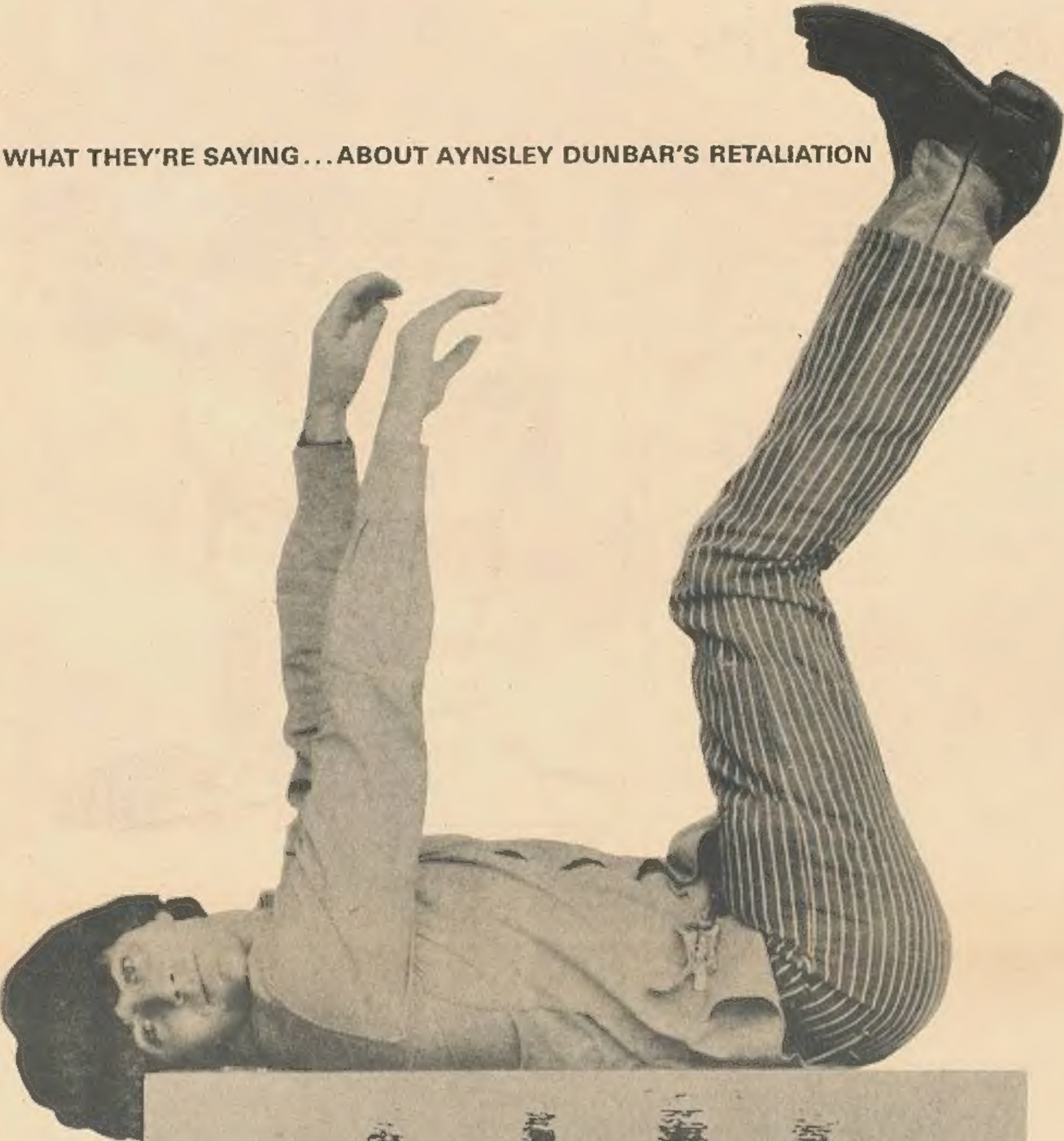
MARTIN MITCHELL
NEW YORK

SIRS:

Let me say that I find your paper of mixed editorial quality (you should lean more heavily on your pencil, I think. Omit unnecessary words—and perhaps some of the tediously repeated cloacal [of a sewer or toilet, or the cavity into which both the intestinal and the genito-urinary tracts empty in reptiles, birds, amphibians and many fishes—Ed.] vocabulary) but of considerable interest.

JOHN QUINN, SPECIAL FEATURES
THE NEWS
NEW YORK

WHAT THEY'RE SAYING...ABOUT AYN SLEY DUNBAR'S RETALIATION



BLUE THUMB / BTS 4 / THE AYN SLEY DUNBAR RETALIATION



WELL, MAYBE

California Doomed By Earthquake

—Continued from Page One

already left the state to the late mystic from Virginia Beach, Edgar Cayce, who once said the monstrous quake would occur "sometime between 1958 and 1998." (His followers have narrowed it down to April, 1969.)

The source blamed most often, though, is Curt Gentry, a San Francisco writer who authored *The Last Days of the Late, Great State of California* for G.P. Putnam's. In this book, Gentry devoted three chapters to an earthquake that served but to complete the devastation Man already has started in the state. He says the quake was "merely a literary device," yet Caltech scientists claim the start of the worst rumors coincided with the book's publication last November.

(Strangely, no one has yet mentioned a similar book, *The Second Atlantis*, an Ace paperback by science fiction writer Robert Moore Williams, another California resident. This book even more vividly than Gentry's chronicles the minute-by-minute earthquake destruction of the state.)

There is something positive coming out of all this, of course. Many are hoping this interest in earthquakes, however ill-founded, will cause steps to be taken leading to a national program to reduce effects of quakes and other natural disasters. It may be as Gentry himself hopes — that earthquake research centers will now find it simpler to acquire funds, that the public will push for more rigid building codes.

Day after day
More people come to L.A.
Shh . . . don't you tell anybody
The whole place shakin' away.
Where can we go
When there's no San Francisco?
Better get ready
To tie up the boat in Idaho.

—Shango
"Day After Day"

Morrison's Penis Is Indecent

MIAMI — This city is still plenty steamed up in the wake of the Doors' early March concert. That was the one which wound up with six warrants being filed for lead singer Jim Morrison's arrest — one of them for the felony of "lewd and lascivious behavior in public by exposing his private parts and by simulating masturbation and oral copulation[?]."

In the surge of public outrage that followed Morrison's pulling his booboo — or not pulling it, if you believe Doors spokesmen — an enormous "decency" movement has sprung up here.

Thirty thousand people, half teenagers and half adults, turned up at a free March 23 "Rally for Decency" at Miami's Orange Bowl, in response to the controversial Doors concert. Not that they were protesting anything — only commies and freaks protest, after all — they rallied to let the world know what they stand for.

What they stand for is "five virtues": "Belief in God and that He loves us; love of our planet and country; love of our family; reverence of one's sexuality; and equality of all men." In Florida?

Said Jackie Gleason, one of the performers at the affair, and one of the nation's biggest drinkers: "I believe this kind of movement will snowball across the States and perhaps across the world." Among his fellow performers were Kate Smith, Anita Bryant, the Lettermen, the Faculty (a Canadian band), and the Miami Drum and Bugle Corps.

Original announcements of the Rally for Decency, which was put together by high school students with support from Archbishop Coleman F. Carol and a local radio station, pointedly stressed that "longhairs and weird dressers" would not be allowed in. (Long hair and weird clothes being the outer manifestations of inner indecency.) But this violated regulations governing use of the city-owned stadium and everyone was allowed in.

Numerous religious organizations contributed to the rally and the American Legion passed out 10,000 small American flags as a parade of young speakers

gave three-minute pitches on behalf of goodness and virtue. Spectators lofted signs reading DOWN WITH OBSCENITY.

Quite an outpouring of energy and emotion over such an insignificant matter as Jim Morrison's prick.

Morrison himself was back in Los Angeles, keeping out of sight, giving no interviews to anybody, according to the Doors office. The Florida cops had promised to press the felony charge — with its extradition clause which means Morrison could be deported from California to Florida to stand trial on charges worth a maximum three and a half years in jail — but none of the Doors nor any part of the Doors family has heard anything from the Florida authorities.

All Doors concerts have been cancelled (in Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, Dallas, Cincinnati and Cleveland) and, properly intimidated, the Doors will not appear publicly again — or even record — until the summer. "We're not," says a spokesman, "taking any chances."

Meanwhile, the City of Miami has moved in effort to stop a three-day Easter happening starring the Grateful Dead that was scheduled to begin April 1st. Saying that "they're the same type people and play the same type music as the Doors," permission has been denied to use Dinner Key Auditorium, where the fateful Doors concert was held.

"It's this underground pop music," says George McLean, who runs the auditorium in cooperation with the city. "I don't think our community could stand another affair such as that."

But Together Productions, Inc., sponsors of this "Expanded Spiritual Music Concert" (which is to feature a showing of the movie *The Greatest Story Ever Told*), have lined up another hall, and the show will go on as planned. Featured along with the Dead will be the Steve Miller Band, Joe South, Creedence Clearwater Revival, Sweetwater, and Country Joe and the Fish, if they all show up, and it appears they will.

This onslaught of rock and roll personages figures to work Miami into new fits of frenzy. Country Joe has played there in the past — and included the f-u-c-k spell-out without incident — but that was in the days before the Morrison-inspired Rally for Decency.

To make matters all the more confus-

ing the MC5 will be playing elsewhere in Miami at the same time. Note to the Miami PD: the MC5 include almost exactly the same let's-have-a-revolution rap in their act that Jim Morrison does; their favorite line is "Kick out the jams, motherfuckers!"; they recently enlivened a Seattle concert when one of the band took a shit onstage; their picture was in last week's Berkeley Barb gang-banging a broad; and the way they tell it, the MC5 spend most of their waking hours taking down.

Taking no chances themselves, the Miami police have already cancelled all leaves over Easter.

Other new rumbles in this wave of anti-rock and roll repression have been sounded by a pair of right-wing California politicians, who warn that rock (along with sex education) is a communist plot designed to eat away the minds of the nation's youth and cause them to revolt. (True, of course.)

"The Beatles and their mimics," warned Congressman James Utt (R) of Tustin, "use Pavlovian techniques to provoke neuroses in their listeners."

State Superintendent of Public Instruction Max Rafferty — who's in charge of all the grade schools in California — said he "partly agreed." He did not say which part.

Censors Muffle Smothers Bros.

LOS ANGELES — Political censorship reared its familiar head on CBS in early March, first causing the cancellation of a Smothers Brothers program featuring Joan Baez, then leading the brothers to decline the network's renewal offer — unless new working conditions are promised and censorship pressures are relaxed.

Apparently it was the editing of Miss Baez's comment on a show scheduled for broadcast March 9th that tipped the balance in what has been a continuing battle between Tom and Dick Smothers and the network brass.

Official reason given for the cancellation of the Baez show, and subsequent re-run of a program that had been aired

earlier in the year, was that the show's producers failed to deliver a tape copy in time to preview it for the CBS affiliates. This preview approval is asked every week of the brothers Smothers and reportedly theirs is the only show in the network schedule where this is ordered.

The real reason for the cancellation is somewhat more complex.

Murray Roman, a comedian (*You Can't Beat People Up and Have Them Say I Love You* is his Tetragrammation LP) and a writer for the show, said it was what Miss Baez said that caused the show to be cancelled. He said she had talked about her husband's pending jail term as a draft resister, while dedicating a song to him.

"They came to us Friday afternoon and said we'd have to cut the remarks," Roman said. "This was just one hour before we were to have piped it over the cable to the affiliates. We were doing another show then, but we dropped everything and started editing. Naturally we were late in getting it ready. But we weren't that late, man. They've shown the show to the affiliates as late as Saturday before."

Miss Baez's manager, Manny Greenhill, was reached in Boston, where he said, "It's funny, isn't it? I've been informed that the show that was cancelled here in the States was run as scheduled in Canada."

Greenhill quoted his client as having said, "There are plenty of people who object to the draft, but if you open your mouth about it, they arrest you, and my husband opened his mouth and he got busted." According to Greenhill and Roman, all this was cut from the tape at the network's insistence, leaving Miss Baez dedicating the song to "my husband David [Harris], who is going to prison soon."

The song was "Green Green Grass of Home," which is — ironically — about a guy talking from jail prior to his execution.

Others on the cancelled show included the Committee, comic Jackie Mason, April Stevens & Nino Tempo, and John Hartford. The Smothers office said the show would be broadcast, in its edited form, March 30th.



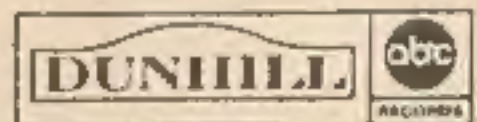
The forthcoming California earthquake, by Ron Cobb

**IF YOU CAN'T JOIN EM...
BEAT EM**

THREE DOG NIGHT

AND YOU CAN'T BEAT THEM

THREE DOG NIGHT DS 50048



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Blue Meanies Attack Beatles

LONDON—George Harrison was with his wife Patti here on March 13th, charged with possession of marijuana. The raid on their colorful home in Surrey was deliberately timed by police to take place on the night of Paul McCartney's marriage, according to most observers.

Scotland Yard drug squad detectives had apparently applied for a warrant to raid the Harrison residence several months ago and could have used it at any time. It turned out they did it on the same day Paul's marriage took place, and one of the detectives called it "coincidence."

Talk about Blue Meanies, wheh!

Earlier in the afternoon, Paul married American photographer Linda Eastman, a New York City resident who had been living with him in London since late last year. The ceremony was a small one in civil service office in London attended by close friends and so on. The only bad moments were caused by left-behind fans and girls who have always hung out around McCartney's St. John's Wood home. They were around for the marriage, weeping, wailing, writing on the walls and wishing it had been them.

The Daily Express titled it "The Wedding of the Year."

But on the front page of all the papers, instead of the wedding, was the news of the Harrison bust. The cops arrived at the Harrison home early that evening with two Labrador dogs trained to "sniff out" drugs. While they searched the greenhouse on the grounds, Patti Harrison phoned George in London, who promptly picked up a lawyer and drove home to be arrested. They were bailed out of jail an hour after they were taken to the police station from their home.

Observers of the London scene feel that Scotland Yard has been hassling, and will continue to hassle the Beatles in any way possible, and that this is just the latest but not the final round.

Prior to last year, the Beatles — well-known dopers — were considered "untouchable" by the cops because of their favored position with the British public. In fact, Harrison was caught in a raid that netted two of the Stones two years ago, but was let go by the police without a word to prevent any scandal. Now, however, personal and public honesty has been rewarded by punishment and harassment.

GIBRALTAR—As everyone in the world must know by now, John and Yoko got married (wearing white tennis shoes because they're against animal slaughter for leather) here on March 20. Said John: "It's just great. It's been a fantastic buzz all morning." Why Gibraltar? "Because it's quiet, British and friendly," he smiled.

HARDIN TIMES

Hobnobbin' With The Superstars

BY TOM NOLAN

LOS ANGELES—The Chateau Marmont is one of the nicest places and reasons to stay in Los Angeles. It retains the charm of old Hollywood, and has a view of Sunset Blvd. that makes the city seem an adventure; Roman Polanski stays at the Chateau, and Marlene Dietrich and Elvis Presley, and Tim Hardin was staying there on his last trip to L.A., during which he rested and played a concert at the Santa Monica Civic Auditorium.

One afternoon had been set aside for Mr. Hardin to meet the press, and as often happens upon such occasions there was no one present from any really important publication, moreover none of the half-dozen who showed up was actually planning a Tim Hardin story; but they came because they were invited—the woman editor of the teen magazine, the Free Press columnist, the freelance writers—and they sat around the pool watching hotel guests sunning and swimming. The underground columnist explained how he had once sold shares in himself and raised three hundred dollars. A large dog shagged by. "Timmy will be down in a minute," Diane, the girl from his public relations office, said, sitting down in a deck chair to clean out a toenail, deftly pulling up her bikini's shoulder strap with the other hand.



From the family album

When Tim Hardin came shagging over in trunks and wet hair and sat down, the questions began and soon deteriorated, with everyone suddenly discovering that he did not have that much to ask of Tim Hardin. Who is in your band. Are you writing a lot of new songs. It was established that yes, he was a descendant of John Wesley Hardin, and no he was not happy with his albums on Verve, yes it would be better now on Columbia.

"There's a certain sound I have in my music—a soft kind of swinging, it's not jazz particularly, or rock—but all the best people have had it. Hank Williams. Lester Young. Ray Charles."

"Timmy, is this yours?" A bronzed Fernando Lamas type standing next to his chair was holding out a plastic bottle of sun-tan lotion.

"Pardon?"

"Is this yours, Timmy?"

"Oh no."

The bronzed man turned his back and rubbed the creamy lotion all over it. Timmy said, "Well, listen, why don't we all go up to the room and have some rum and cokes?"

"I was getting into the witchcraft thing the other night," Diane said on the way up to room. "I'm learning from Grace Slick. I had the candles going and everything. And Timmy came over. I'd been talking about witchcraft for about a week; and I said Tim, tonight's the night—and he was out the door and down the steps before I could say another word!"

"Hey, my old friend," Tim said, for there at the door of his room was Jim Morrison and two of his friends, a sincere-looking blonde girl and a long-haired guy who hung close to Morrison's elbow. They all joined the troupe into the room. Morrison had just had his hair cut and seemed in a relaxed, even humorous mood. (This was some time before the hassle over his exposing himself in Miami). Tim went into another room to change, and Morrison sat down on a bar stool, fifteen inches higher than the rest of the people in the room. Someone asked him about the Doors Fillmore East concert the month before where they had played for an hour after the scheduled finale.

"Oh, well, what happened was we just finished and nobody left, so we started fooling around. First of all we had all these bottles of champagne brought up on stage, and Ray poured a bottle over my head, ha ha, everybody thought that

was pretty funny, poured the champagne on my head. So then I got Ray to start this blues number, with him singing, and he sings a couple of verses, and then he starts this thing, I knew he was gonna do this, he does it every time we let him sing, he starts this long speech, still playing the organ, about how everybody should straighten up, start wearing nice clothes, he's telling all these kids remember in high school, remember in grammar school, you were straight? We were all straight then, well we can do it again, we're all straight inside. And I said, 'Not me man! Well as I live and breathe, John Carpenter—'

(John was entering the room, looking furtive and bored, and came over to where Morrison sat.)

"I got that Elvis Presley catalogue you sent me," Morrison said. He was referring to a pamphlet showing Elvis' albums RCA had printed up and sent out by the thousands. "What was your purpose in sending me that?"

"Oh, no purpose. I just had an extra one."

"He sends me this catalogue," Morrison explained to the rest of the room, "and he writes on it, 'Jim, Best Wishes, John Carpenter.' I thought you might be trying to tell me something. I looked through it on the plane, and a very interesting thing occurred to me—there are all those pictures of him over the years, all through his career, and they're all the same, they look like those busts of Caesar stamped on the Roman coins."

There was a lull, and then the underground columnist told everyone that he had found six girls that morning within an hour to pose nude for the Fugs' album cover. The Fugs had wanted dwarves too, but he hadn't known where to find any dwarves. "There's a hotel on Santa Monica Boulevard," Morrison said. "The Harvey. That's where they all stay."

"Too bad Derek Taylor didn't hear about that," the teen magazine editor said. "He was interested in dwarves."

"Oh really?" Morrison said.

"Yes—fascinated. Had lots of pictures of them in his office. Dwarves. Cripples. That sort of thing."

"Well what kind of person would be interested in something like that?" Morrison said. "Isn't that a little strange? He must have been some kind of a weird guy or something." The woman from the teen magazine only smiled; and Morrison began a hushed conversation with the

guy at his elbow. "You know, Jim, this grass—I've only had acid once, but I was getting acid flashes off it." Morrison listened solemnly, nodding.

Tim emerged from the other room, dressed, wearing highly polished brown oxfords that made his feet look quite small. "Do you think you could mix up those rum-and-cokes now, Diane?" he said, and she headed towards the kitchen. "Now if anyone thinks they can't . . . handle a rum-and-coke—"

"Hey, Tim, what do you have to know about rum, are there different kinds of rum?"

"Well," he said, "there's bad rum . . . and there's terrible rum."

The drinking was sort of constrained, not exactly a bunch of friends visiting around getting smashed with their old buddy Timmy; while the conversation was still lagging, however, it moved in the direction of personal anecdotes, reminiscence. A casual remark by one of the writers forced the underground columnist to recount again, for Tim, the details of how he had once sold shares in himself and raised three hundred dollars. Tim was meanwhile filling out passport forms, and after a while he began talking about the police.

"My wife and I," he said, "had just moved into a new house, and we had it fixed up real groovy. It just really looked good. And somebody came by one afternoon and stole our car. So we called the police because somebody had stolen our car. And the police came, they came into our house, and I guess the place looked so groovy that they thought there must be something wrong, so they decided to arrest us. They handcuffed the two of us, and a friend of ours called, and one of 'em answers the phone, he's saying, 'No, Tim's in the shower. Oh, this is Larry. Who's that?' Talking to the guy, trying to get him to say who it is, so they can go over there and arrest him." He shook his head, calling up a wealth of bitterness. "So—fucking—dumb."

Diane came in with more drinks to break the silence. "You know, Tim," she said, "you should talk to Kopelman and Ruben about getting them to pay for my going on tour with you. You need an assistant you know." Meanwhile Morrison and friends had split somewhere—a typical Morrison exit: you looked up and he was gone.

"One time," Tim Hardin was saying, "I was in a Greyhound bus going across the desert, and I found it necessary to . . . start screaming. And I'm screaming, and everyone else on the bus gets pretty quiet, and the driver starts explaining to the woman behind him, 'It's fatigue. That's why they do it. Fatigue, and depression. And all this desert. Sometimes they make you stop the bus and open the door, and they run out across the desert, and you never see 'em again.'"

It was almost time to leave—Tim's friend Pampus had arrived with a paperback copy of Edward Field's *Variety Photoplays* and a guitar case—but I wanted to ask a last question. There was a poster on the coffee table for Tim's concert at the Santa Monica Civic, a sketch of his face bordered by a spray of misty roses; it didn't look like his face; it was a very romantic conception. "That picture of you on the poster, do you think that looks like you?" I asked him.

"What do you mean?"

"Well, why doesn't that picture look like you?"

He blinked, not seeming to comprehend. "You're gettin' heavy on me, Mister Interviewer." It had turned into an embarrassing moment. "Well . . . I don't know. I guess the computer that stamps out the faces decided that I should get stuck with one that looks different every time you take a picture of it." He laughed, distractedly. "My cock is like that too."

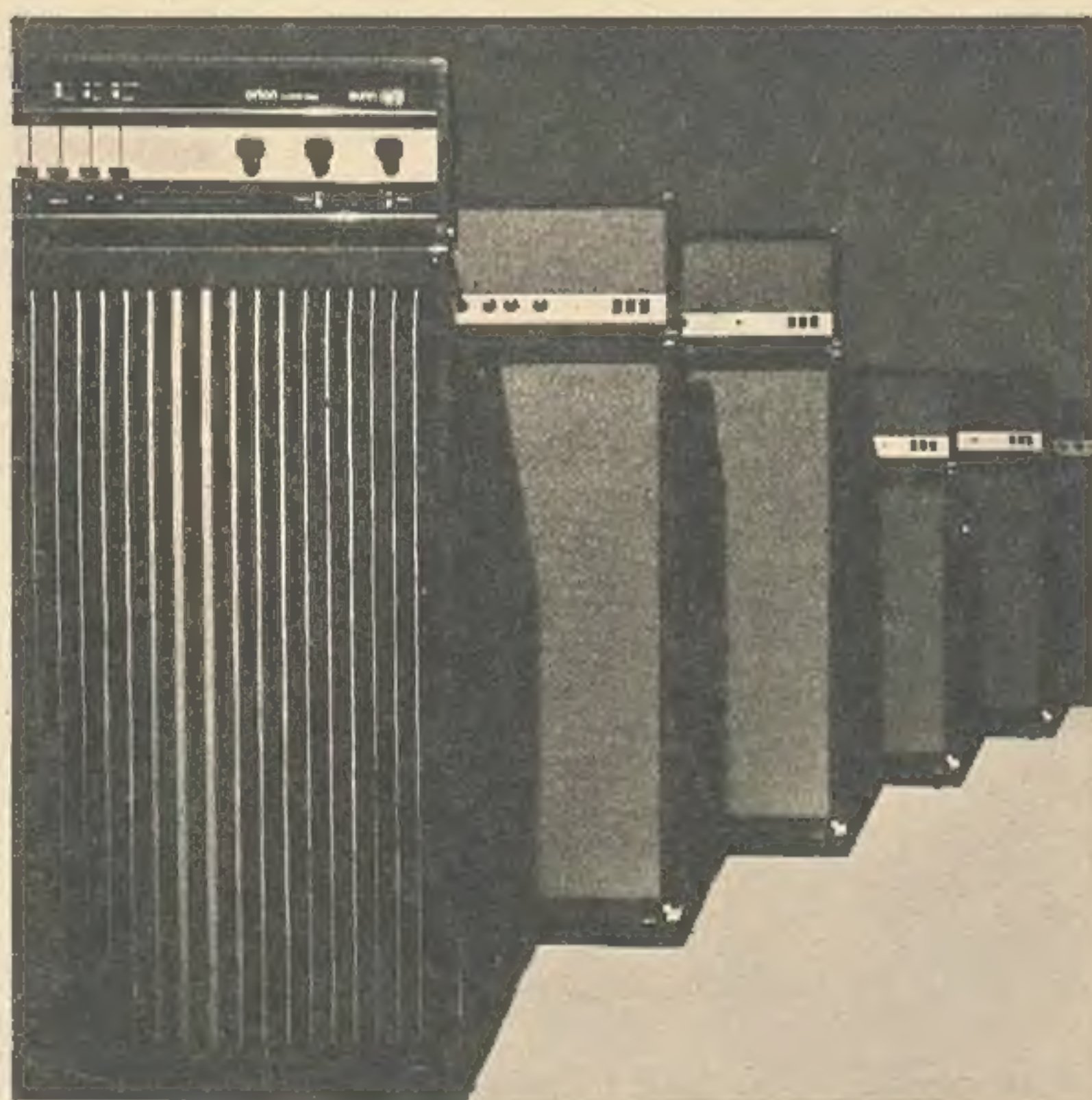
In the elevator John Carpenter said, "That was really the best question asked. Everyone was thinking that but no one said it out loud; why did they have that drawing on the poster when it didn't look at all like him?"

The hundreds of rows of pastel-painted folding chairs inside the Santa Monica Civic were almost filled at the concert Saturday night. Mister Hardin sang a variety of his songs to the enthusiasm of the audience. Diane came up during the intermission wearing a leather skirt and a cowboy hat and said, "I hope you feel bad now that he's doing such a great show. You really hurt him you know. Why did you have to ask such an asshole question. Everybody knows why he doesn't look like that."

LINDA EASTMAN MCCARTNEY

so your sound is different! who cares?

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That's right. Because your groove is our groove. And we do anything we can to fit the bag you're in. Essentially that means providing you with sound gear that has more than superb quality and rugged durability built into every nook and cranny. Like **total sound!**

We offer you 14 tube amps ranging in power from 40 watts RMS to 120 watts RMS; 2 sound systems at 60 watts RMS and 120 watts RMS; and our superlative new Orion solid state amp roaring out 175 watts RMS. **That's your total sound!**

sunnn 

An AFM Ban on the Moog Synthesizer?

NEW YORK — The officers of the American Federation of Musicians (AFM), meeting here to set contracts for the coming year, very nearly wrote the Moog synthesizer out of recorded music in this country.

Early reports had it the musicians' union leadership had approved a clause which said "Moog synthesizers and similar devices shall not be used to replace instrumentalists," and would effectively have made it economically unfeasible to record with them.

But, following a demonstration of the synthesizer by a Moog representative, the anti-synthesizer restrictions were apparently tabled.

"They didn't know anything about it," said one observer. "Before they found out that this is just another musical instrument, they were under the impression it could replace a whole orchestra."

Says Robert Moog, the synthesizer's inventor: "We're not putting anybody out of business except by expanding the musical palette and supplying an instrument to make the new sounds."

The AFM is saying next to nothing about the contract talks. "It's just that we're concerned about the Moog replacing musicians," said Gil Rogers, vice president of New York Local 802.

The synthesizer, a highly sophisticated electronic device capable of producing the timbre—and thereby the sound—of any instrument, has been used on dozens of rock recordings, including the Byrds, the Doors, the Monkees, Jackie Lomax, the Rolling Stones, Simon and Garfunkel, Biff Rose, and many others.

Another AFM clause under consideration would require that a musician be paid full session pay for each track on which he appears of a multi-track recording, instead of the current pay per session agreement. The same argument applies concerning multi-tracking; it is felt to deprive musicians of work.

Closed-door AFM discussions continue, and both the anti-Moog and the multi-tracking clauses could possibly wind up part of this year's contract.

Fillmore West vs. 28 Flavors

SAN FRANCISCO — It appears that Howard Johnson's has bought the building which has housed Fillmore West for the past year right out from under Bill Graham. Unless events are reversed, the place will be demolished at year's end and a multi-unit hotel raised in its stead.

"It's really something to be replaced by 28 flavors," says Graham, but he's not really laughing.

It is difficult for Graham to defend the Fillmore when it is, as he points out, so inextricably bound to the person of Bill Graham, impresario. "But I do believe we've helped contribute to something good in this city," Graham notes.

"A Fillmore is important, a place that can present the kind of shows we've put on. It doesn't make any difference whether I'm running it or somebody else. The scene needs this focal point—the Fillmore has more connecting points to the electrodes of this scene than any place else."

The Fillmore is entitled to the support of "the community," in Graham's view; he intends to hold back and see how the community will respond to the Fillmore's problems.

He doesn't expect much. "They didn't do anything when the Avalon"—Graham's chief competition—"was down and dirty. The community has done nothing about the scar of the Haight-Ashbury. Look, where is this new community?"

Graham grants that the arguments in favor of a new 400-room hotel will be compelling to city fathers. "That's clean-cut, All-American. Lots of jobs, construction." So there's little doubt in his mind—barring some unlikely movement to preserve the Fillmore the same way Carnegie Hall was saved—that he'll have to move.

The question is whether Graham will bother with it, or get into something else instead. He says he never intended to stay in the ballroom business as long as he did—the original Fillmore opened three years ago—that he'd like to be doing films, theater and a lot of other things.



Check one: () All the above, () Some of the above, () None of the above . . . are Jethro Tull

Is it possible he really won't fight the Howard Johnson's purchase? Perhaps the best answer came during overtime at a Fillmore West basketball game last week. Graham was all over the court, exhausted but still going all out. Somebody suggested he should slow down: so what if he lost the game?

"Are you outa your fucking mind?" bellowed Graham. "Why play if you're gonna lose?" Fillmore West won the game by five points.

Jethro Tull & His Fabulous Tool

By BEN FONG-TORRES

According to the critics in England, Jethro Tull is the new super-duper group, the successor of Cream, "the most unusual group on the British scene."

According to its record company, Jethro Tull is a jazz-group that "often appears as old men—shaggy hair and beards powdered with white, lines of makeup on their faces . . ." And Jethro Tull, so the company's story goes, invented the plough and lived to write a book about it.

According to Ian Anderson, flutist and lead singer of the group, all of the above is not a silly multi-particle less than "absolute bullshit."

Jethro Tull, to take the most inconsequential inaccuracy first, was an 18th Century musician who invented the seed drill, made out of, among other things, an old organ pedal.

Today, Jethro Tull is a quartet of young men (all around 21 or 22) from North England (Blackpool and thereabouts) who combine guitar, drums, mouth harp and flute into a frenetic but rather primitive blues-rock sound. They have never appeared as "old men" in public (except in publicity stunts and on their LP cover).

Formed a year ago, the band took a mere eight months to climb aboard the British charts. The boys did it by spending those eight months criss-crossing England and hitting "all the small clubs."

"We just played what we knew would be accepted," said Anderson. "In other words, just blues. They we started writing our own songs and shoving them in, and they were accepted, too."

An album *This Was*, comprised mostly of "accepted" original tunes plus one Roland Kirk composition, was put together. The band (there's Anderson; guitarist Mick Abrahams; bassist Glenn Cornick, and drummer Clive Bunker) donned the old-men getup for kicks, to complement the dogs on the proposed album cover photo. And Jethro Tull was ready to plough.

By then, the band's self-composed, lighter pieces, incorporating Anderson's flute, were being called jazz.

"People were all thinking we were like 30 years old, eccentric nut cases because I like to jump around the stage. So here we were 'old men playing jazz-rock.'"

Anderson, a quiet, Zappa-haired young man who owns two pairs of pocketless trousers and carries his valuables in a cord-strung leather pouch, swears that none of the group has any jazz back-

ground. Anderson knew Cornick in Blackpool, where the two played semi professionally for a short time. They roamed down to London with the intention of going professional. There they met drummer Clive Bunker, added a guitarist, and began looking for work.

Jethro Tull had what Anderson called "a six month period of natural growth, where we scrounged just enough to make a living." Still, the band moved fast, finding co-managers in Terry Ellis and Chris Wright (who also manage Ten Years After) and landing a spot in the Sunbury Jazz and Blues Festival. From there the critics took over. And while the group, Anderson says, established itself without the benefit of promotional splash in England, hype's slick menstrium has been preceding Jethro Tull at every point on its current American debut tour.

The band just may survive the publicity. When the rumblings about Jethro Tull being the "new wave of jazz musicians" first cropped up, says Anderson, "we thought it was great fun. And I don't mind when people compare my flute playing with Roland Kirk's or a number of flutists. The only people it probably annoys are jazz musicians and jazz fans."

At any rate, Jethro Tull's inadvertant jazz will meet up with the real thing on the Fourth of July when the band appears at the Newport Jazz Festival. Among the other musicians slated to be there: Roland Kirk.

WHEN THEY WERE

Mason, Capaldi, Wood & Frog, RIP

By JONATHAN COTT

LONDON — Traffic broke up when Steve Winwood walked out of the Berkshire cottage. After a couple of months' rest, he's recently been playing organ with Eric Clapton and Ginger Baker, and some backing tape tracks they've done are as strong and driving as you'd expect, but it's hard to know how these tracks will end up, and it's too early to say what they'll be up to in four weeks.

Dave Mason rejoined Jim Capaldi and Chris Wood. And organist Mick Weaver—who, under his alias Wynder K. Frog, had recorded an all-instrumental funky, over-richly organ-centered LP entitled *Out of the Frying Pan*—joined in. The new Mason-Capaldi-Wood-and-Frog group took off for a quiet diminutive farm village called Little Cowran in Worcestershire, near Birmingham.

They rented the village communal center—a converted barn—and turned it into a rustic music studio. They set up their instruments and ten speakers, and turned on a yellow bazooka-shaped heater on wheels which blew heat down from the wooden beams. You might have thought that the heater and the music made the overhead light whirl 'round, swinging shadows to "Born Under a Bad Sign."

You could hear the group jamming right up the road that, on the way to the pub, passed calving cows in a barn, a field of sheep, and an enormous pig with ears lopping over its eyes like

shades. A farmer asked: "What about that?" pointing to the air filled with the ghosts of King-Cream. "It's bothering some of us, but we're getting used to it. First time we've heard this kind of music up here. The animals don't mind. We'll show you some of the calves."

Back at the studio, the group was finishing up jamming to "Bad Sign," merging into "Chain of Fools." There was a break, and Jim and Dave went out to their car where Dave played guitar in the back seat and Jim drummed the steering wheel, harmonizing with Dave's voice, unearthly high, as they sang some of Dave's new songs: "Red Satin Black Velvet Woman" and "Walking to the Point."

The group played in Birmingham a week later, at the end of January, received an ovation, then came to Royal Albert Hall in mid-February to open a concert featuring the Jimi Hendrix Experience—Hendrix saying, "We care for your ears, that's why we tune our guitars, play soft, and stick cigarette butts in our ears"; and playing the Star Spangled Banner as if to show how Melachino's soaring strings and the U.S. Air Force shutting bombs over North Vietnam are part of the same experience.

Mason-Capaldi-Wood-and-Frog began in a happier, lighter mood, pretty much repeating their Birmingham program with "Born Under a Bad Sign," Chris taking off on sax and flute. Their "Long Black Veil" didn't deviate much from the band from Big Pink's version—lovely vocals from Dave and Jim with Chris on sax. "Feelin' Alright" came across in an open jazzy way, lots of organ and dialogues. Dave's "Waiting on You" and "World in Changes" ended the set.

A week later, the group had broken up. It had never achieved Traffic's fluidity and crisp naturalness. The emphasis on organ and sax made the group bottom-heavy, since this deep sound wasn't balanced enough by lead guitar. Dave's beautiful new songs demand a softened presentation—acoustic guitar perhaps.

Dave says that he'll be going to the States with Jim to get a recording together, maybe with Jim. Chris and Mick Weaver go their own roads. There are some tapes around that present the group at its best—you-can-all-join-in happiness, blending vocals, sax melismas, rhythm organ, fantastic drumming—reminding you unmistakably of England's most musicianly rock and roll group, the last to break up in 1968, the first to break up in 1969, its own echo.

Jazz Takes Gas At Fillmore East

NEW YORK—"Jazz at the Fillmore," a projected series of eight Sunday evening jazz concerts at the Fillmore East presented in conjunction with George Wein and the Newport Jazz Festival, has been canceled after three performances because of rapidly diminishing attendance. Only 400 people bought tickets for the last concert on March 16th.

The fourth concert, had it been presented, would have featured, among others, a trio consisting of bassist Jack Bruce of the late Cream, guitarist Larry Coryell, and drummer Roy Haynes.

Presenting honest music. Even your best friend may not understand it.

Music that's honest isn't altogether new. Paul Simon has been doing it. And Laura Nyro. (Has it amazed you how many otherwise good people can't relate to her music? Interesting.)

But, as far as we know, nobody's stuck a label on it yet. So, on this occasion, we're calling it what it is, and hoping that it'll stick. (Before some forty-year-old reviewer for a tabloid newspaper sticks on his label. And for the next five years we get blamed for his less-than-sensitive declaration.)

The label: honest music. (Simple and, above all, honest.)

The occasion: the first authorized album by a very weird genius named Tim Hardin.

Tim Hardin has been hung up on honesty for years. In the way he writes and performs. And directly, as a theme of many of his songs.

On his early albums (unauthorized, in that they were released without Tim's approval of the final tracks) Tim Hardin sings: Don't make promises you can't keep. He sings: You upset the grace of living when you lie. In *Reason to Believe* he sings these lyrics:

"If I listened long enough to you
I'd find a way to believe that it's all true
Knowing that you lied straight-faced
While I cried
Still I look to find a reason to believe."
Honest music. As laid down by the

king of the medium, Tim Hardin. On his Columbia album Tim has carried his preoccupation with honesty and directness to its logical extreme.

When we signed Tim, we guaranteed him full control over every aspect of the album.

Then, he socked it to us. He wanted to record it in his home. In Woodstock, New York.

He wanted his home, and his wife, and son, and close friends as much a part of the album as they are a part of him.

It took us a while to accept that, we admit. But once it dawned on us that he was serious, we realized that there was only one way we could get an album that wouldn't embarrass Tim musically, and wouldn't embarrass us technically.

We moved an entire eight-track recording studio and some of our finest engineers to

Tim's house. So even though the album is a remote job, it sounds like a studio job. One of our best, in fact.

And Tim, thank God, is happy. (So is his wife Susan, son Damion, and, we understand, his mother.)

The album title: "Suite for Susan Moore and Damion—We Are—One, One, All in One."

The songs are touching, and beautiful, and despite Tim's sorrow-soaked voice, they're up.

Some of the titles: *Everything Good Becomes More True*, *Question of Birth*, *One, One, the Perfect Sun*, *Susan*.

And Mark Spoelstra.

Honest music. And as long as we're on the subject, we thought we'd call your attention to another new album by another



Mark Spoelstra.

long-time poet/musician, Mark Spoelstra.

Mark has been singing and writing since the early Dylan days. But, as fate would have it, Bobby Darin (or his equivalent) never picked up on a Mark Spoelstra song. So unless you've really been following the folk music scene, chances are you've never heard of Mark.

This is the first Mark Spoelstra album for Columbia. Mostly acoustic instruments. More country than anything else, because that's where Mark felt himself going, and he followed it.

Backing Mark's own 12-string guitar, you'll find Mitch Greenhill's 6-string, Harvey Brooks's bass, Roy Blumenfeld's drums, and guests. (David Cohen, Larry Knechtel and Joe Osborne, for example.)

Two new albums of honest music. And if you're the kind of person who buys records strictly for your own head (not just to fill a gap in your collection, or impress your friends and neighbors), we respectfully dedicate this new music to you.

Columbia



Tim and Damion.



Susan.

*Produced by James William Guercio

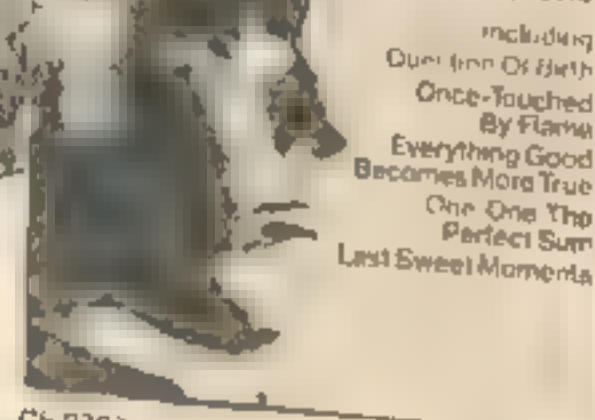
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Mark Spoelstra
including:
Songs Of Love, Bottoms, The End, The
Old Lights, And The Flight
The New Mountain Top, Empty



CS 9793

TIM HARDIN
SUITE FOR SUSAN
MOORE AND DAMION
WE ARE ONE,
ONE, ALL IN ONE



CS 9787

Flatt & Scruggs' Last Breakdown

NASHVILLE—It seems almost impossible, but after nearly a quarter of a century together, bluegrass musicians Lester Flatt and Earl Scruggs are going their own separate ways.

No one outside a very close coterie here seems to know the actual reasons for the split.

"I guess they figure they've been together too long," said Cohen Williams, president of Martha White Flour, Flatt and Scruggs' radio and TV sponsor for the last 16 years. "I've been on several trips with them, and it gets old."

"Actually, the two of them have been breaking up for two years. It's a shame. I think just as much of one as I do the other, and I've tried hard to hold them together."

Attorneys for the two former partners are now discussing the technicalities of the separation. Flatt, who sang and played guitar, will retain the Foggy Mountain Boys and fulfill the group's concert commitments, while Scruggs, a five-string banjoist of great renown, is still formulating his plans.

Currently recuperating from a stomach hernia at his home in Madison, Tennessee, Scruggs is considering an offer of a TV series. It is rumored that he may also form a band with his two sons, Gary, now at Vanderbilt, and Randy, a high school student.

For some time now, Flatt and Scruggs have disdained from performing new material in concert so that rehearsals could be kept to a minimum. Scruggs did not appear on the last two tapings of the syndicated TV program, *The Flatt and Scruggs Show*.

Columbia Records reports a sizeable backlog of previously recorded material and has both musicians under separate contract to the label.

Flatt and Scruggs had been together since 1945.

ROLLING STARS

Sun to Enter Sign of Ram

This series of articles on the Signs of the Zodiac is not intended to be a basic rundown of the Signs. It is, rather, much less formal than that; more like comments off the top (or crown) of the head while contemplating the individual Signs.
ARIES (March 21-April 19)

High in the head of the Aries person is an awareness of a certain responsibility which drives him through life at a burning pace and sometimes consumes him in its own fire. Each sign is in itself a reason for being alive on earth. The reason for being born in the Sign of Aries is a compound responsibility to be right, to be first, and to know oneself.

The responsibility for being right is tremendous, especially in a world which questions the very existence of a difference between right and wrong. Aries considers this question a search for an excuse for being wrong. Born "to be right" as their function on earth, they regard being wrong as an intolerable sin. Of course, knowing this or feeling this way, they need no one to point it out to them or remind them of it. And since Aries is the Sign whose function is to be right, Aries people are more likely to be right more often than the rest of us. This last point is one which seems to "stick in the craw" of some others of us such as Leo, Scorpio, Capricorn, Libra or Aquarius.

Also, since Aries is the Sign governing the head, the more intelligent the Arian, the less likely he is to be wrong. An unfortunate mistake of some Arians is to assume all this and go by their own ideas without the validity of personal experience. (By "personal experience" we mean in this lifetime or any other, since lifetimes are as days in the growth of the spirit.)

But Aries may try to waive experience in favor of opinion. Sometimes they are in such a rush and under such pressure to get going that they make an inaccurate appraisal of a new situation.

We can help our friends who have an Aries Sun, Moon or Ascendant to learn and grow from their mistakes by leaving it up to them to notice, and, of their own initiative, to correct their own



Flatt and Scruggs at the Grande Ole Opry

defects. If we wish to see that they don't learn and grow, all we need to do is to point out where they were wrong, remind them of past mistakes or advise them to do something about it.

The need to know about the self can, through the effort to meet that need, put Aries people into behavior and attitudes which we call conceit. We complain that they talk about themselves too much. If you had one short lifetime in which to attain enlightenment through self-knowledge you might talk about yourself every chance you got. You might hope to learn by hearing yourself talk to others and by the reactions of those to whom you talk. Aries people do this whether they consciously know it or not.

We can help by catering to this need when the opportunity arises. Of course, we needn't be ridiculous about anything.

In the beginning there was Aries. All the time that has been, has been since then. Everything that has been, has been only since Aries. All of "since" is since Aries as far as this particular creation is concerned. The instincts born of such an heredity are powerful.

Aries people are born with the instinct to create and to be the first to create; to be the originator of ideas, to think of it first, to break deadlocks. Our friends from Aries are heroic pioneers who establish the new on the barren ground of the old, but always within sight of water. This applies to business and pleasure as well as true service.

Those who care for ancient symbols may see the head of a ram in the astrological glyph for Aries, which looks like a capital Y with downward curling "horns." Also to be seen are the leaflets of a sprouting seed, any eruption or the rising upward of spring fountains. Someone said the glyph looks like ice skates hung up till next winter.

Any red flower is associated, the geranium being very strong. Willpower is the related state of mind and the physical sense of sight is also involved with Aries.

East is the direction associated and the motive is mental impulse. Aries is the ruling sign of England, Syria, Germany, Israel, and West Poland. Three important stars of Aries are: Disda at 2 degrees 9 minutes, with a Mercury-Saturn influence, Alharatz 13 degrees 51 minutes, Venus-Jupiter influence, and Al Pherg at 26 degrees 31 minutes Jupiter-Saturn.

Stars themselves are temporarily activated by the close presence (within three degrees) of a passing planet. They are important on a personal horoscope only if they conjunct a planet at birth. Then again it takes a passing planet to activate it after that. This temporary activation of a star is like the brief bright flare of a striking match, compared with the continuous, though flickering, light of a planet and of course planetary light is reflected sunlight.

On the twelve tonal scale the note of Aries is C. The color is red, first band of the rainbow. Tarot trump card is number 4, the Emperor, who is called Son of the Morning. Corresponding Hebrew letter is Heth, second and fourth letter of the unspeakable name of God. Aries is also called the General, the Conqueror. The associated archangel is called the Prince of Strength and Courage

Mercury's Rockers In the Boondocks

SAN FRANCISCO—Mercury Records is launching an experiment in rock and roll promotion this month, and Bakersfield, Barstow, Irvine and Pleasant Hill (those are towns in California) may never be the same again.

The record company, one of the most active in terms of signing up "progressive rock" bands this past year, is sending eight of its loudest and most hirsute bands on a busking, trucking concert tour of California college towns.

The 14-stop tour, wrapped around the title/theme "Mercury Flying Bear Medicine Show," includes the Buddy Miles Express; Sir Douglas Quintet; Magi (otherwise known as the Graham Bond Organization); the McCays (now minus the "Hang On Sloopy" sound); Group Therapy; Tongue 'n' Groove; Shades of Joy; Lynn County, and (for one appearance) the Fifty-Foot Hose.

They'll appear in six-band bills, for the most part, with the following itinerary: USC (April 11); Barstow College (12); Las Vegas Ice Palace (13); UC at Irvine (17); Cal Poly at Pomona (18); the Sound Factory, Sacramento (19); College of Marin in Kentfield (20); Diablo Valley College in Pleasant Hill (24); Bakersfield Memorial Auditorium (25); Antelope Valley Jr. College in Lancaster (26); San Fernando Valley State (27); College of San Mateo (May 2); University of the Pacific, Stockton (3), and Sierra College in Rocklin (4).

An ad hoc production company, Flying Bear Medicine Show, Inc., is coordinating the tour. Brainstormer Mike Slobin explained the junket, a 180-degree departure from electronic-and-print-media-record-hype, this way:

"You don't sell records; you expose the music, and if people like it, they'll buy it. Irv Green, the president at Mercury, understands this, so he's the first cat to lay out money for something like this."

The bands are being paid scale by Mercury for their work, and the bulk of profits will go to the individual concert promoters.

Hearst Closes Its EYE

NEW YORK—Eye Magazine, synthesized just one year ago on a seven-figure infusion of Hearst Corporation money in hopes of cornering the "youth market," folded on March 26th, when a Hearst emissary entered the offices and read off an announcement that the slick had been "far short of profitable," and therefore had been liquidated.

"Take my word for it, it's a lousy book," Helen Gurley Brown had told senior staffers when Hearst brought the noted sex-and-sensationalist in to give Eye a rev job a few weeks ago. Evidently she failed to make any significant changes in Eye's profitability picture—but it is known that she succeeded in making an already unhappy staff all the more so.

Most of Eye's employees will be "absorbed" into other Hearst publications—like Sports Afield and House Beautiful—but about 20 of the younger ones are out of work.

Cream Movie Is 'A Real Bomb'

NEW YORK—Be forewarned about the new 90-minute Creamflick: the sound is only slightly superior to an old wire recording, visually it's so ardy you can't really see it, the narration is both insulting (to your intelligence) and patronizing, the interviews with Bruce, Clapton and Baker are embarrassing—and all in all you'll probably end up wishing you had spent your money elsewhere. Or not at all.

This is the British Broadcasting Corporation's color film of the group's final Albert Hall appearance on November 26, and it is being distributed around the U.S. as a "live concert" experience. You are supposed to go to see the film in the same spirit that you would go to a rock concert, and at ballroom prices.

When *The Cream* opened in late February in Baltimore, it drew generally small crowds and decidedly mixed reactions. The New York opening show at Lincoln Center's plush Philharmonic Hall drew such low attendance that the promoter, Ron Delsener, pronounced it a "real bomb" and decided against continuing to present the movie in such grand style. He may try it with a real, live act also on the bill.

This might work financially, but nothing is going to make the movie work artistically. None of the elements—the interviews, the schlock light show, the crowd shots, the narrative, the concert performances—blend together any which way. Instead of unity, director-editor Tony Palmer has settled for a kind of frenzy which seems to cancel out all impact.

At the picture's beginning, a series of hundreds of individual shots, each about three seconds long, of Eric Clapton, Jack Bruce, Ginger Baker, and their every appendage, fails even to establish the simple fact that the three are indeed a group of musicians playing together on the same stage at the same time.

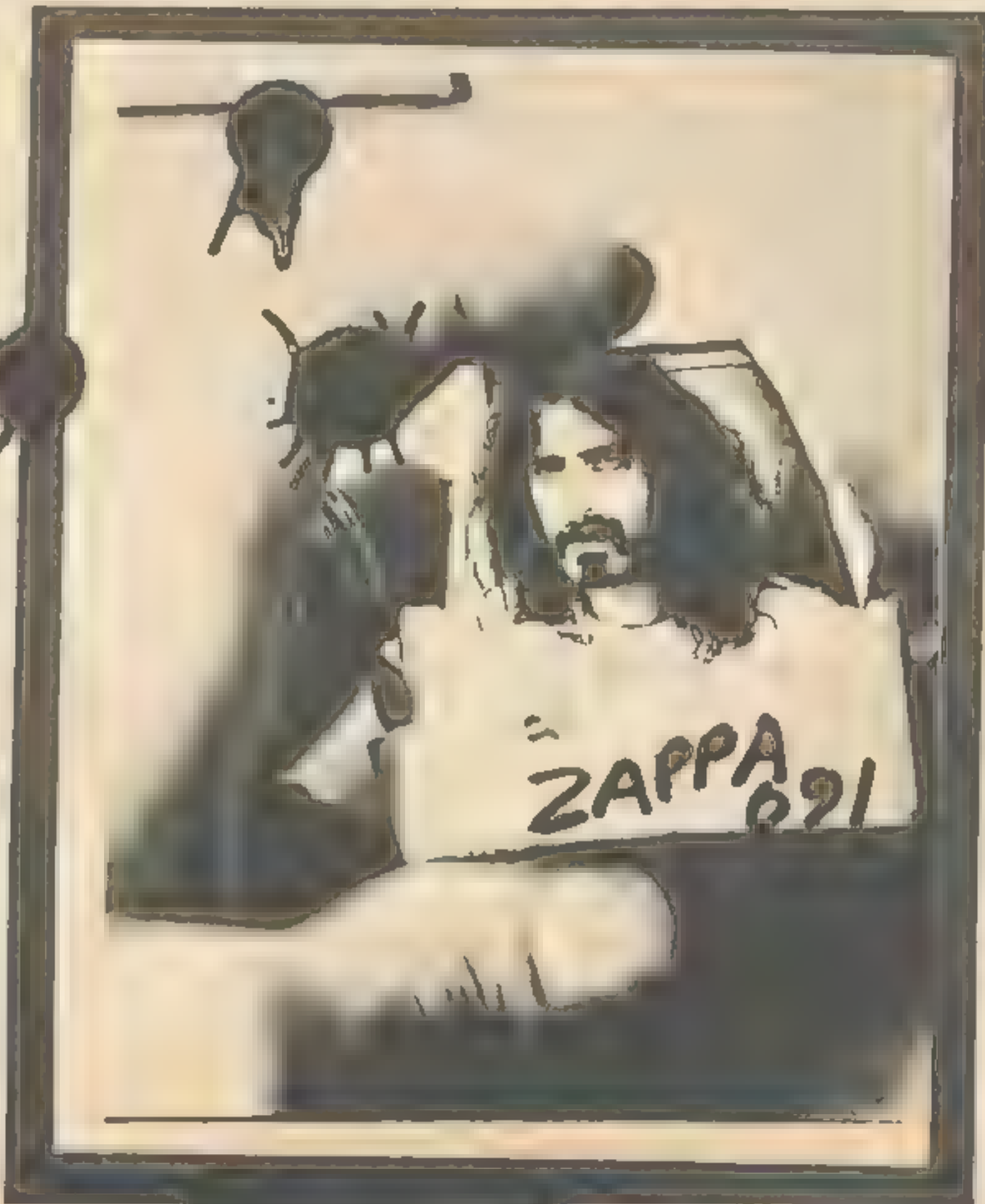
In addition to being a literal eyesore, the muffled, muddy sound is on a par with a good cassette recording of the IRT subway at Grand Central Station.

In a series of embarrassingly straightforward, impersonal, and unintentionally hilarious interviews apparently filmed months before the concert, Clapton reverently points to each knob on his guitar and shows us how it works, Baker—the hero of the evening because of his wonderful look of wry disgust at the first question—explains and demonstrates his drums, and Bruce is forced to talk about his classical training and why rock music is so loud.

Perhaps in a state of shock over price of tickets and shoddiness of product, the audience, with few exceptions, was generally unmoved to the point of paralysis. To give credit where credit is due, Robert Stigwood produced this disaster.

Uncle Meat

(MOST OF THE MUSIC FROM THE MOTHERS MOVIE OF THE SAME NAME WHICH WE HAVEN'T GOT ENOUGH MONEY TO FINISH YET)



THE ALBUM

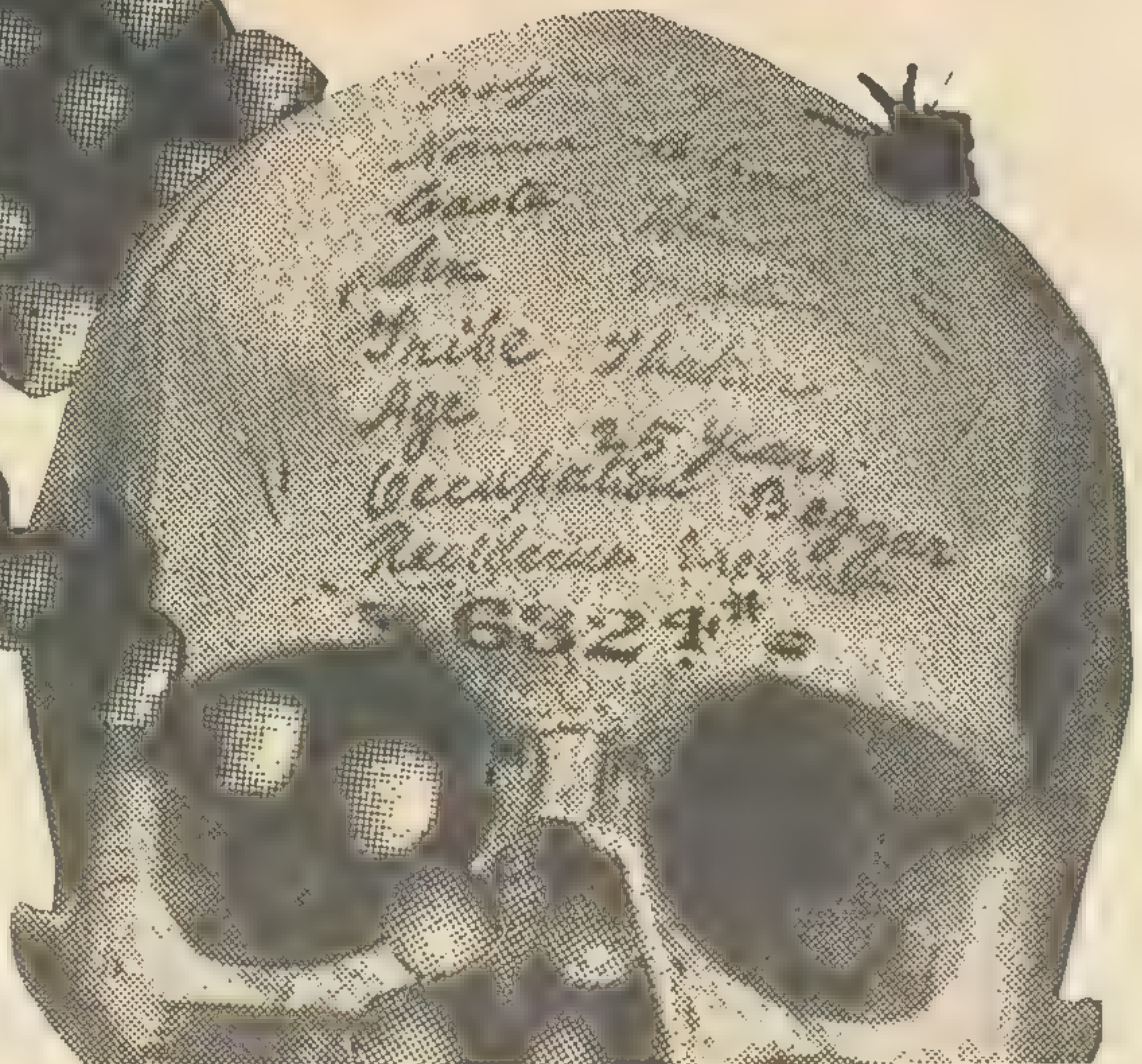


THE
MOTHERS
OF INVENTION

2024



BIZARRE/
EXPERIMENT



MC5 Kick Out The What?

SAN FRANCISCO—There are two versions of the MC5's *Kick Out the Jams* LP: one with the spoken introduction, "Kick out the jams, motherfuckers"—the second with the phrase "Kick out the jams, brothers and sisters" substituted. Musically it makes little difference (the MC5 is one of the musically least interesting bands in circulation) but economically and politically, it matters.

Elektra, the record company, found that "motherfucker" is poison on sales, and, since without sales companies don't exist, put out a new, more sanitary version. The MC5, whose stance is revolutionary, want "motherfucker" on that record because—after all—that's a revolutionary act.

"At this point," proclaims MC5 lead guitarist Wayne Kramer, "we're totally unsatisfied and unhappy with the way things have been going with Elektra. They're the best record company, far and away the hippest. But they don't even know what we're talking about, man. They didn't even know what we meant when we demanded to have that 'motherfucker' on the album."

It started when Elektra released a single of "Kick Out the Jams" along with the album. The single had the "brothers and sisters" version, the album "motherfuckers." The album enjoyed good initial sales, but then retailers found the verboten language and sales began to fall.

One factor here is that the influential Bill Gavin newsletter carried a warning to the effect that radio stations who played the "clean" single would be encouraging sales of a "dirty" LP.

Shortly thereafter, Elektra salesmen in all parts of the country reported to Elektra that stores were refusing to handle the offensive LP. Seventy percent of the company's outlets, according to Elektra president Jac Holzman, wouldn't go.

"So an alternative version was made for them without the word 'motherfucker,'" says Holzman. "I mean 'mother-



The MC5, kicking out the, uh, . . .

fucker' isn't as important as the music. And the original version is available to those who want it. Stores now have to decide which version they want." (There were reports that all "motherfucker" versions had been taken off the market, but this is untrue.)

Holzman points out that knotty legal problems exist when it comes to busts due to obscenity on records that go to minors.

"Not that we give a fuck," says MC5's Kramer.

According to Holzman, the decision was left up to the MC5. "We told the group, if you don't want us to do anything, we'll stick with the one version."

According to Kramer and MC5 publicist Danny Fields, this is untrue. "It was a unilateral decision on Elektra's part," says Fields. "We had no say in it," says Kramer, who thinks that Elektra's compromised the MC5 simply to make money. "You can't eat money," he says, "can't smoke it and get high, can't fuck it." The revolution should come first.

It's worth noting that the MC5 did agree to record both versions. And that Elektra's *Have A Marijuana* LP, which also contains the word "motherfucker," caused no problems.

"I want to make it clear," says Holzman regarding the revolution vs. capitalism question, "that Elektra is not the tool of anyone's revolution. We feel that the 'revolution' will be won by poetics and not by politics—that poetics will change the structure of the world.

It's reached the kids and is getting to them at the best possible level."

Whether the MC5's number represents the best possible level is, of course, open to considerable debate, brothers, sisters and/or motherfuckers. *Caveat emptor* in either case.

All has not gone smashingly for the MC5 on their current national tour. Playing for free at the Straight Theater, in the heart of the Haight-Ashbury, the very epicenter of the constituency they claim to represent, they couldn't even draw a full house. Less than 200 turned out to see them.

It's been similarly disheartening elsewhere, especially Seattle, where they were booed.

And to make matters worse, the whole band and friends—a total of 15—got busted driving across the Bay Bridge to Oakland in their station wagon. Cars of both the California Highway Patrol and the SF Police Tactical Squad stopped the MC5, and the first charges filed were for *being seen* smoking dope, for holding, and that kind of thing.

These couldn't be made to stick, so later charges shifted to driving an overloaded car and being in a vehicle with an open container of booze. (These are evidently the charges, at any rate; the police department is keeping their reports secret, against their own regulations. This is likely because the Tac Squad was operating outside its jurisdiction by making a bust on the bridge.) The band spent a day and a half in the SF Hall of Justice jail, finally got

out after paying \$10 fines.

MC5's Kramer says the cops roughed up Fred Smith, the band's rhythm guitarist, threatened to throw another member of the entourage off the bridge, and generally behaved so badly that the MC5 intends to file charges of brutality and false arrest.

LA's Open City Closed Down

LOS ANGELES—The second largest "underground" newspaper in Los Angeles, *Open City*, has suspended publication indefinitely—an act which was caused in part by an obscenity arrest involving an advertisement for a new recording.

Several months ago the Asylum Choir, a progressive rock group on the Mercury label, placed two half-page ads in the newspaper, both showing one or more nude females. *Open City's* editor, John Bryan, was subsequently arrested—twice—and legal costs in fighting the obscenity charges were cited as one reason why the paper died. *Open City* had been near bankruptcy for some time.

The weekly tabloid was about two months short of its second anniversary (although an earlier version had appeared in San Francisco a few years prior) when staff members arrived at the office the first week of March to find a letter from Bryan, which said in part:

"The paper has already fulfilled its artistic purpose. Politically, it was never very effective anyway. What's been taking place on its pages recently was no improvement over what we printed a year ago. As an artist, I must turn away from a work which does not grow . . ."

Coupled with this artistic dissatisfaction were the "real" problems—a \$1,000 fine for publishing the "obscene" Asylum Choir ad, legal costs following that arrest and a second bust (for publishing an "obscene" poem), and personal problems involving a separation between Bryan and his family.

Open City's circulation was about 15,000—far short of that of the remaining leader in the field, The Los Angeles Free Press, which is now approaching its fifth birthday and a circulation in excess of 90,000.



Numb on the stone moss
bottom of your mind . . .
bunched naked in a cold cube . . .
to hide from
the shattering puncture
of the same old limecicle.

But hearing instead the
Southwest F.O.B.

Six young artists who
chiseled original songs
on the walls of their own cave
waiting to be discovered.

You discover them.

Your cold cube melts.

Threatening crystal
turns to smoldering sandlewood.
And the warm "Smell Of Incense"
fills your mind.

Includes their sensuous hit single,
"Smell Of Incense"



THE
FLYING
BURRITO
BROS



ON
A&M
RECORDS



SUN RA



BY JOHN BLURKS

"Actually, you see, infinity has a lot of different parts," explained the chunky, soft-spoken musician behind the big brass sun sculpture/pendant. This was Sun Ra and he was explaining how it is that his band, formerly called the Solar Arkestra, is now called the Astro-Infinity Arkestra. "Infinity has a lot of dimensions," he said, "so Astro-Infinity would be the solar part and all the different things we've got in the repertoire, too."

Sun Ra was in San Francisco for a series of engagements and he was telling how hearing the band in this locale would be different from hearing it in New York, where he lives. "Different places we play different things. We have to do that because of that fact that every city has got different vibrations. Like this city has a lot of energy, but it has some distortions in the atmosphere. We have to get used to that. We have to play according to that. Like if we play here exactly what we play in New York, the air would do something to it, cause it's distorted."

How exactly would it be different? Different notes? Different songs? "It might be the same thing," Sun Ra said, "but it has to be balanced because of the atmosphere. Like we could play the same way and the air, um, just wouldn't respond that way. Cause it might have to be played softer, or louder, or something similar. Places vary because of heights and it's also very delicate from that point of view."

Are West Coast audiences different, too?

"Well, I would say the sensitive people are friendlier from another-dimensional point of view. But New Yorkers have so much to worry about—the strikes, and, uh, and it's just so terrible the things we have to go through living there. And people here haven't had that. New York has a strike seems like every other week."

At this, Sun Ra laughed out loud. He is an easy man, engaging, warm-humored. Improbable as his rap sounds, he carries it off, because he really means it. It's the truth, that's all. Even when he's vague, it's only vague by somebody else's standards. He knows what he's talking about, and if you don't it's only because you're not enough into his universe. He's willing to help you get there.

For one thing, there's the matter of his age. "Actually," Sun Ra says, "I don't have any age." Wasn't he born on any particular day of any particular month? you inquire. "Possibly so, but my mind has rejected it." And if you reject your birthday you never get any older; that's how it works for him, he says. Music helps explain it. "You have to evolve in what you're playing," he says, giving a gesture with his right hand as if playing a keyboard, "to where you're beyond age." He could tell that wasn't entirely clear, so he got into it a little further.

"People got aging in common and dying in common. That's all they got in common. So then, uh,

if you can demonstrate something beyond that—they see the similarity between you, and all sudden you start doing something else; they say, I'm gonna do that, too. There's eternity, and the age thing is cycles or something like that, and all those things have to do with words. That's the only thing about it, that a person will verify or certify that they were born a certain time. And this affects their destiny in life. It's hard to explain, but birth has been given a dispensation on this planet similar to *berth*, b-e-r-t-h—and that's when we have to watch it, see. Cause all these people that's died and buried, that's their *berth*-day, b-e-r-t-h-day. It's a trickuration going on on this planet. So that's the actual birthday. So when you see words that sound alike, the whole thing is really fixed up like that to get people to be complacent. That's the difficulty, see, because something is ceaselessly striking at humanity. Twenty-four hours a day, little things be going wrong."

All this is in his music. It's all *there* in his music—along with the rest of the universe, of course, on its various planes and in its various shapes. The Astro-Infinity Arkestra (sometimes subtitled the Myth-Science Arkestra, depending on the *educational* vibrations of the moment, as perceived by Sun Ra) is the fiercest, most uncompromising large American music organization in existence. It's not easy music to hear, just as Sun Ra is not easy to follow in conversation. Indeed, Sun Ra's may be the most difficult jazz (if that is the word) orchestra to comprehend of any on the scene. But if you're ready for trip to Outer Space, it's worth the effort.

One thing that no Sun Ra recording has gotten across is what a complete delight it is to see the band in performance. It's an incredible experience! (Amazingly, the Boston Tea Party is to only rock ballroom where Sun Ra has appeared). It could as easily be called the Sun Ra Soul/Space Revue.

You get there as the band is setting up and the first two impressions are (1) great Jesus, look at the costumes, and (2) whew!, you never saw so many instruments on one stage at one time in your life.

All the reedmen play three or four horns, including flutes, and all the horn players double on drums and rattles and tambourines and bells, not the least of them John Gilmore, who often plays tenor saxophone and drums at the same time, and there's electric and acoustic basses and moon-guitars all over, plus no less than three, sometimes more, keyboards for Sun Ra. There are more axes lying around than the whole New York Philharmonic brings onstage.

And the costumes! Sun Ra himself is usually the most resplendent, attired in floor-length robes that sparkle and shimmer, in a tiger-skin sunhat, ornamented with several pendants and sunbursts draped here and there. Sun Ra is forever splitting from the stage to do a costume change. He's got robes in every color in the spectrum. Sometimes as many as 20 changes per concert.

"It's constant change, see," he explains. "We keep the lights changing"—he was doing light shows before rock ballrooms ever thought of it—"and the costumes changing. I want the band to come on in Spanish costumes, in rock and roll costumes, in space costumes, every kind of costume, a lotta changes, so it looks like a whole lotta different bands." At first he designed all his own, and the band's, apparel. But having set the style, he found that people all over the country were making stuff and giving it to them. So now they lovingly accept and wear everything that comes their way. All these dashikis and togas and hats of every dimension and badges and crests and sparkles and dangles. The two chicks who sing (rather badly) with the band are especially spacy in their skintight playsuits, draped with filminesses and full capes and beads and sun jewelry, with their turquoise boots and golden hoods and space shades.

Almost everybody in the band wears shades while they play, but the space shades (of European manufacture) Sun Ra and the girls wear are really *too* much. They're opaque lenses—the out-sized eyepieces—with semi-circular vertical slits to see through. They come in the color of your choice—Sun Ra's got every color—this fits in with Sun Ra's view about magic and the kind of magic he would practice if he were in the magic game, which he is not: "If I thought of it as magic, I would think of it as impossible. And I would call it chromatic magic. I wouldn't call it black magic and I wouldn't call it white magic. Those are the only two types of magic we're supposed to know about this plane. But if I was going to deal in magic, I would have purple magic, blue magic, all the different types of magic. You see because it's bad to leave out one color," Sun Ra says—and, anyway, make no mistake, just having these goofy shades on makes the wearer feel as stoned as he looks.

And now the Arkestra starts to play and sing and dance (quite often they start a little late). There's no typical pattern, but it might begin with Sun Ra suddenly launching into a furious, swirling excursion on both the piano and the organ at once, his hands flying off the keyboard like birds circling in air, then crashing back again. Then each of the horns pointillis-



PHOTOGRAPHS BY HAEON WOLKAN

tically intruding into this like so many sonic fireflies, bleating, honking, peeping. Then a brief percussion section, with everybody in the Solar Arkestra beating on something. Then into a Sun Ra song, like "Sun Ra and His Band from Outer Space," a strange amalgam of (what sound like) Schoenberg and Thirties Broadway musical comedy—

Sun Ra—and his band—
From outer space—
Will entertain you now—
Sun Ra—and his band—
From outer space—
Will entertain you now—

And then comes an explosion of horns and electronics and shouting, the whole band on their feet, playing, and then singing again—the girls executing some fancy space footwork and singing — segueing into a number called "Outer Spaceways Incorporated"—done to a rocking, driving beat—

If you find earth bor-ing
Just the same old same thing—
If you find earth bor-ing
Just the same old same thing—
Come on, sign up—
Outer Spaceways Incorporated!

"I guess it's fate," he explains, in the dead-certain, absolutely assured way he has of addressing himself to the question at hand, "because the other day I called everybody in the band together and told them to pack up and go home unless everybody wasn't ready for a journey to outer space or something like that." (Thus rap comes in answer to a question, incidentally, as to how he has been able

RAI



Well, certainly. Sun Ra is concerned, too. "I'm concerned with black because to me black people are not in tune with their natural selves. So I have to start with them because if they're not reconciled to the equation, then the world never will be anything. First you got to start right there. Because it's very difficult when they're led so far wrong. It's a very difficult job. But I have to start there. The rest of the nations have had some sense of discipline or order or government. But they haven't. So that's why it should be quite simple to go to the rest of the nations and show them what I'm talking about, equation-wise."



"Well, actually when I started out to find out about people, from the lowest point to the highest point, I realized one day I'd have to be involved one way or the other. So I started . . . I deliberately went to play some burlesque clubs so I could see what they were doing. Cause that's a form of art, too. In Calumet City, and I just stayed out there awhile. Then one day a guy told me, he said, look, you shouldn't be playing out there, you should be doing what you can do. And I said, well, I have to have some money, and he said, well, I'll give you some money. To stop playing out there. How much money did I want, he asked me. I told him two hundred dollars and he

The Arkesira is finishing "When Angels Speak of Love" now, a languid, pretty balladic piece featuring Pat Patrick's rich, warm baritone against clacking woodblocks and a legato bass line. And they're into "The Magic City," its stately clavoline/electronic structures rising out of Sun Ra's touch, flutes and

gave it to me. And I had to keep my word. I actually didn't mean it. I just told him two hundred dollars to make him stop."

He landed a job at the Club DeLisa, playing for rehearsals and scoring new shows. There was a new revue every month, and it kept him plenty busy. The director of the show would get the dancing girls and the singers together, and sort of hum indistinctly and map out routines. Sun Ra would listen and turn it into music, and then write full charts for the band to play. This was the basis for what he knows today about composition.

One night, at intermission, Fletcher Henderson, who had one of the great early big jazz bands, asked Sun Ra if he could sight-read music. A pianist himself, Fletcher wanted somebody to take care of keyboard business while he directed the band. (Fletcher, whose prime was in the early- and mid-Thirties, had begun to slow down.) Sun Ra accepted. He loved that gig. It was Henderson, whose "King Porter Stomp" arrangement set the style for the Benny Goodman band—and thereby the whole Swing Era—"whose band had the soul of the black people in it," Sun Ra says. "More so than anybody else."

The musicians Sun Ra admires most of all are from an earlier time: Henderson, Duke Ellington, of course, and Fats Waller. Every now and then, just a taste of Waller-like stride left hand juts out of a Sun Ra piano solo. And when that happens, it's the honest-to-god genuine thing, not some young modern player trying to be cute.

Around 1951, Sun Ra put together the Space Trio, with baritonist Patrick, who's still with him, and a

a sentimental project. You got to be able to play something else. And then they have to respect it, see. That's a big job. In other words, we go like to Africa or Asia—anywhere we go we're supposed to be able to reach people. It has to be this world thing because we've approached this point."

But isn't it possible that Coltrane, had he lived, would have grown toward the universality Sun Ra is talking about?

"He [Coltrane] came by Chicago and I went by his hotel and played some tapes for him, told him this is the way music is going. That there were a lot of things that if the world ever heard them, that would be it. I played it for him. Different electronic things. And then he decided then that he would leave Miles [Davis]. And that's when he got his own band. He said he had some ideas and things but after he heard this he said, I have to do this. And he kept on moving, and got on the soprano and other things, and kept moving."

Sun Ra never performed with Coltrane.

"Strangely enough," he says quickly, just barely concealing some left-over emotion. "I told him one time, Coltrane, since you using a lot of people I developed, why don't you use me sometime? You got people that you have recorded and all that—why don't you . . . ? He said, 'I never thought about it.' He never thought about it. But it would have been interesting."

It does bring you up short to hear John Gilmore's tenor—spewing great chunks and hiccupps of sound—roaring out of Sun Ra's ensemble, sounding for all the world like Coltrane sprung back to life. And then

than anything they would be doing if they was just improvising."

A frequent device is that he will work out passages where it's like a conversation between two horns, each talking—sometimes shouting—back at the other. "And then you get them all talking at once," Sun Ra grins.

He practiced for this kind of music several years ago by having two friends rap at him at the same time. It got so he could understand both of them perfectly, no matter how fast they went; and it's his Astro-Infinity music now.

"It's like looking in this room and seeing all these colors. If you can see all this you can hear it, too. It's a matter of not thinking it's impossible. To feel something on this planet but not feel things in other parts of the universe is ridiculous. Because everything in the universe is so delicately balanced. If you snap your fingers it goes all over the universe."

Dancer troupes often appear with the Arkestra. Sun Ra does not engage them to appear with him (his Arkestra has not exactly been what you'd call a big money maker); they appear for no pay—but he loves having them along. "It makes the concert more sightful," he says. The dancers never rehearse with the Arkestra beforehand. Sun Ra wants them to be truly spontaneous. He simply talks with the dancers ahead of time and counsels them to do natural things. "I just tell them that if you want rain, you do a rain dance. Well, if you want to go to Outer Space, you do that kind of a dance. A space dance. I want them to dance in way that will interest people in something else, going somewhere else."

Earlier, Sun Ra had spoken of the forces which



drummer. It grew to a quartet when John Gilmore joined them. They played the Chicago clubs, and meanwhile began to rehearse a big band; the germinal Solar Arkestra. All rehearsals were held in secret at a club called The Circle. At least they were secret at first. Later, larger and larger numbers of people would fall by to listen. Finally it came down to a lot of fans saying, dig, this band is so good they ought to be playing somewhere that everybody could hear them.

Which led to an audition with Cadillac Bob, the owner of the (now defunct) Chicago Birdland. Sun Ra was extremely pessimistic as to how Cadillac Bob would receive the Arkestra. The music was pretty far out, after all. "I just know we weren't gonna get the job," Sun Ra recalls placing a stubby forefinger on his round cheek. "I figured we might as well play our furthest out things cause it didn't matter." Here Sun Ra pauses for dramatic effect, just for a second. "And he hired us!" The amazement at this happenstance some 15 years ago is still fresh in Sun Ra's voice. "Everybody was astounded. Stayed there three years."

The Chicago period is well-documented on the dozen or so Saturn Records the Arkestra made during the same number of years. The trouble is that Saturn Records is virtually non-distributed, so you've generally got to send away for them c/o Saturn Records, PO Box 7124, Chicago. There's also a mid-Fifties film called *The Cry of Jazz*, and two or three others, produced by Europeans, presently in the works.

John Coltrane is a sore subject with Sun Ra, who feels the late saxophonist (who died in 1967) stole a lot of ideas—Sun Ra puts it less baldly than this, but this is what he means—from the Arkestra. (As a matter of fact, Coltrane did tell one interviewer that he had drawn inspiration from John Gilmore, Sun Ra's long-tenured tenor player, at one formative stage in Coltrane's career). There can be little argument that John Coltrane was jazz's most influential innovator of the Sixties, and a great expressive artist; and yet it is refreshing—in the wake of all the maudlin adulation that followed Trane's death—to find that Sun Ra is something less than a Coltrane worshipper.

"I think Coltrane started on the New Thing really cause of me," says Sun Ra. (Sun Ra is not given to false modesty.) "Then he decided to branch out completely and it was a mistake. Cause he was already late with the other thing. But he wanted to do the things we were doing. In order to do it you've got to have musicians. The thing about it was that he didn't have the musicians to do it. So he got Pharoah Sanders—Pharoah, of course, used to play rehearsals with us. And he got Rashid Ali, and he used to sit in with us a lot. And that was essentially what he did. But it still wasn't what he wanted. Cause this was dealing with infinity—touch certain points. And you really have to reach all nations and the whole world. Well, he had mostly been playing the American sort of things, sentimental sort of things. The world isn't



to hear the earlier recordings of the Arkestra and realize that Gilmore was playing that way when Coltrane still sounded like somebody else. (This is no attempt to diminish Coltrane's gigantic achievements. In the last couple of years before his death, Trane transcended all his influences. It's just worth noting that Gilmore and Sun Ra were important among those influences.)

Sun Ra writes his compositions the way plants grow. It starts with the seed of a few lines he'll write to be played by one of the Arkestra. Sun Ra thinks in terms of a specified soloist; say, for instance, oboist-alto saxophonist Marshall Allen. Sun Ra has come up with a particularly exotic line for Allen's oboe. Just a few bars. This takes root and grows into a full melody. And then the branches form: a harmonic line for one of the trombones, another line against that for trumpet, and so on, until the whole thing is complete, and there's a part for everybody.

This runs a strong parallel to the way Duke Ellington gets a composition together—generally writing with one soloist in mind. Ellington, like Sun Ra, has had many of his players in his band for years and years—for decades, in Ellington's case—and writes his works with the precise knowledge of the sound every player will get in every register and mood. This is the advantage a steady line-up of long duration affords a composer, and accounts for the consistent evolution and the tonal command enjoyed by both Ellington and Sun Ra—though as composers they have little in common otherwise.

Ellington's music is orderly and mellow on its surface. Sun Ra's is often chaotic. Only repeated hearing reveals any sense of underlying order. To put it another way: Sun Ra's compositions—the most ambitious of them—are astounding in their complexity (6/8 against 5/4 against 7/4 against . . . to give a rhythmic example), and "it might," Sun Ra explains, "seem like chaos, but they all doing something according to plan. If I wasn't able to write it, it would be chaos. I can write something so chaotic you would say you know it's not written. But the reason it's chaotic is because it's written to be. It's further out



are forever attacking the planet Earth, and now he got back to that again. He told of how the truck carrying all the Arkestra's instruments had broken down en route to a concert recently, Sun Ra saw this as an example of the forces at work.

"When these forces try to stop you, all you have to do is just do something else." That's what the members of the Arkestra had done in that instance—something else—and sure enough, the truck was revived. "Do something else and the forces are defeated. They'll give up on that. You don't let them stop you and you can't lose. Try something else. You keep moving."

Sun Ra at times sounds like he is his own religion unto himself. Does he have any place in his theory of the cosmos for a supreme being, a god?

"I think in terms of a natural being. I don't think in terms of a supreme being, because everything is part of him. He wouldn't be supreme; it's just sort of . . . part of Him. Not necessarily divine. Divine seems to be synonymous with something good. Whatever is controlling this whole thing is not necessarily good. Like I saw something in the Village Voice, said god may be with us but he is not the good god. Something like that. It really is true. This natural being is neither really good or evil; don't think of people as bad or good. None of them are good, but they can do some good things. I would say none of them are bad but they can do some bad things."

Sun Ra ended with a warning and some advice.

"I would tell people on this planet," he said, "his features bright and seemingly unworried, 'that there are forces; their job is to slow you up. And you supposed to keep moving. Forces could be the ancestors of people now living. The ancestors don't like what they see. I would say there's a spirit world; they are doing it. You might say it's chastisement. And, uh, they're not really dead. They're around.'"

Sun Ra fingered his sun pendant, looked around thoughtfully and added: "It's to the point where I say people should recognize their ancestors and find out what they want. What they can do about it."

A complete discography of Sun Ra's LPs is pointless, considering the difficulty in obtaining the Saturn recordings. The most recent, best recorded, and most representative LPs of his current Arkestral work are these generally available numbers, on the ESP label:

The Heliocentric Worlds of Sun Ra (ESP-DISK 1014)

The Heliocentric Worlds of Sun Ra, Volume 2 (ESP-DISK 1017)—The cover on this one is a particularly trippy item, depicting the solar system with all the planets from an ancient woodcut (by Copernicus?), and placing a likeness of Sun Ra's upturned visage in a grouping of his peers: Leonardo da Vinci, Copernicus, Pythagoras, Galileo and Tycho Brahe.

Nothing Is . . . Sun Ra (ESP-DISK 1045)—His most recent, recorded in concert.



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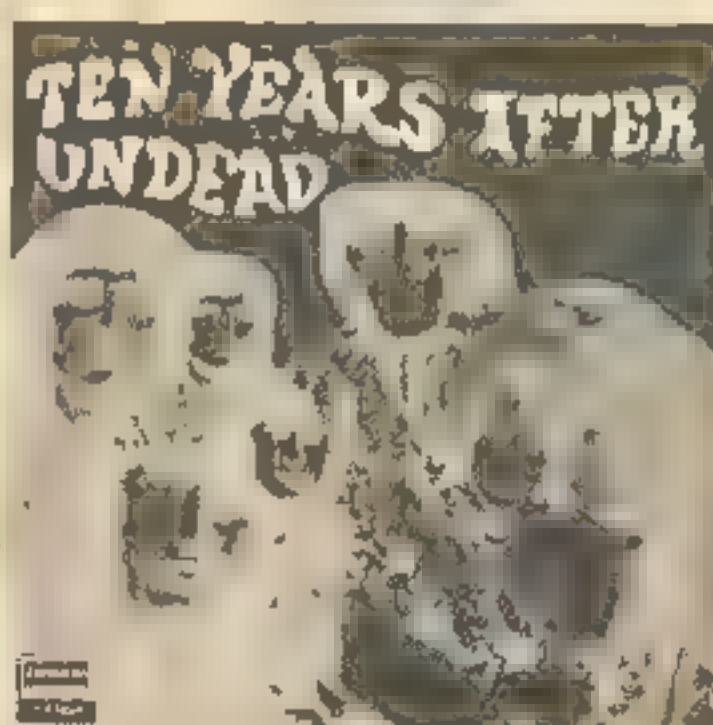
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BUNKY & JAKE



PHOTOGRAPHS BY HARON WOLMAN

BY PAUL NELSON

*I am just one more cowboy
Sometimes high, sometimes low
If I stay in this city
I will die, don't you know.*

On one level, "One More Cowboy" is a lament by Allan Jacobs and Andrea Skinner—he an ex-Fug from Mount Vernon, where the Bronx suddenly ends 241st Street; she an erstwhile art director from the sidewalks and green grass of Brooklyn. Professionally, they're known by their real names, which are far more apt than their accidental ones, Bunky and Jake.

Jake describes "Cowboy" as "just the feeling you get when you're locked up in the city. It was completed over a long period of time. We've always dug cowboys and buckaroos. In fact, we started to write a real Western song about the prairies, but then we decided to put in more about how we felt. 'I dream of the prairies?' I don't know anything about prairies."

Thus, the transformation—"I don't wear no tea-gallon hat/It's so I may be cool/If they see me with my spurs on/They'd call me a foot"—and the persistent image of two big-city kids, now twenty-six, up from the borough candy stores via the Village coffeehouse scene and now looking out the windows of a fifth-floor walk-up on Bedford Street and a loft off Union Square; looking out the windows with a genuinely delightful senescent cowboy vision of life and death in Woodrow Wilson Guthrie's New York Town, where

the only things you ride are your man, your woman, and the subways.

Until recently, no one in music had earned more right to a lament than Bunky and Jake. Although Bob Dylan has been a constant admirer, even that didn't help. They still look forward to doing their first college concert and have yet to make a dime from either of their albums.

Q: How did you get to where you are today?

Jake: Where?

Q: Sitting on that bed.

Jake: We've been sitting right here on this bed for the last six years, just waiting for something to happen.

Bunky breaks up laughing.

There's a place out in space called the candy store

Bunky met Jake in 1962 at the School of Visual Arts on East 23rd Street. It was Christmas time, and there was a party and music. Jake, who had recently dropped out of Rider College, remembers hearing Bunky play with a band. "I was thoroughly impressed. When I saw what was going on in that school—people painting, people playing—I said to myself, Man, I've got to go there. I didn't last long there either."

Another visit, this time with an instrument case, led

to banjo-and-guitar duets on the steps of the school. Then, Jake went away, and Bunky thought, "Well, I'll never see that guy again. What a drag. But next year, there he was."

Both were solid folk-music enthusiasts with a similar background: the city. "I practically avoided my entire high-school education strictly for singing," admits Jake. The same went for Bunky, who, like Jake, had learned her harmony at the neighborhood candy store. "Ain't nothing better than harmony," they both agree. "Harmony is a complete knockout. When you sing harmony, you sound like the old records."

The old records—in this case, classic pop and R&B performances of the Fifties by such groups as Nolan Strong and the Diablos, the Crows, Dion and the Belmonts, the Mystics, the Passions, et al.—are something that have left an eternal mark on Bunky and Jake; a mark which can be heard in their music and in their conversation today.

From Nolan Strong to the Kingston Trio and the Weavers to Reverend Gary Davis and Leadbelly wasn't really that much of a trip for anyone growing up in the heartland of the urban folk revival of the early Sixties. Down the street, there was Israel G. Young and the Folklore Center, a place where, Jake remembers, "you could see just about every folk singer in the world during any given month." *Caravan, Sing Out!, Gardyloo*, and *The Little Sandy Review* provided further inspiration.



Came an impromptu appearance at a Town Hall bootenanny which featured, among others, Bob Dylan, Judy Collins, Ian and Sylvia, and Sandy Bull. "We were scared shitless, man," says Jake. "Town Hall, you know. We'd been rehearsing 'This Train' for a week. The minute we got on stage, we forgot half the words—and we only knew one song! After we recovered, we moved our act into the small clubs and the Village basket houses."

"I'll never forget our first gig in a club," claims Bunky. "A place called the African Quarter in Brooklyn. We played there three times a week for ten dollars and all the Afro-burgers we could eat." Jake winces at the memory. "I don't think Bunky knew they didn't like white folks there. I couldn't understand why the owner didn't like me, but I soon found out. He was going to cut my head off."

*Be you King or Queen
It's a wonderful scene
Down in Uncle Henry's basement*

The corner of Bleecker and MacDougal Streets was the center point of the Village in the mid-Sixties. From there spread a dingy system of coffeehouses with strange names and stranger clientele. Tim Hardin, Steve Stills, John Sebastian, Peter Tork, Jose Feliciano, Jesse Colin Young, David Blue, Fred Neil, Richie Havens, and Bunky and Jake all sang, played,

and passed the hat for "contributions" in such dives as the Four Winds, the Bizarre, and the Cafes Id, Basement, Wha?, Why Not?, and Rafio.

The life-style for a musician in those days shifted rapidly from ecstasy to embarrassment; from acute depression to severe good times. When playing the basket houses, one set up a route and ran from place to place in order to get in as many sets—and as many collections—a night as was mathematically possible.

Customers, usually tourists or troublemakers, somehow had to be forced into making a donation. This wasn't always easy, and the artist had to develop a persuasive pitch. "You put the basket under their nose," Jake recalls with some pain, "and either they says 'Fuck you' or 'I ain't got no money' or else they ignored you. I remember one cat who had been giving me trouble. I had just put him down from the stage. Later, when I walked over to him with an empty hat, he threw a ten-dollar bill into it and said, 'You can't sing for shit.'"

By mutual consent, Bunky used to go it alone in the coffeehouses. "Chicks—especially *spade* chicks—could make more money by themselves, and splitting those seven-dollar baskets just got to be too heart-breaking." Although she had never been south of New Jersey, she was billed as "Bunky, Queen of the Blues." Her collection sermon was a classic.

"I used to go through a very humble thing. My last tune was always a very heavy one—'Death Don't Have No Mercy,' something like that. Then I'd say,

'How about a little audience participation? *B* is for Bunky and *b* is for blues. How many of you folks ever been in jail, please raise your hand.' (The only jail I'd ever been in was the one my mother worked in, but I wasn't going to tell 'em *that*.) 'How many of you folks ever had the blues? I've given you all I can, and now I hope you'll give me all you can. Let's not hear no change jingling in my basket. Let's only hear the crinkle of green.'

"It worked. I used to do so good. Sometimes when I'd finish my act and go backstage, there'd be two joints in there, maybe a pill or something, and about four or five bucks. You know, clean up. I could make seven bucks on a week night. On a holiday weekend, with no time off between sets, I could make up to two hundred dollars."

Like wine and tall stories, it was the kind of life that improves with age. Somehow, the reminiscences tend to slide over the fights, the broken bottles, and certain cafe owners who kept shotguns under the counter to drive off the blacks. Still, times were more good than bad. After hours, the musicians would gather to play for themselves. Occasionally, there would be an exceptional payday.

"I remember one Indian cat who used to throw twenty or thirty dollars into every basket," says Jake. "Whenever he walked into a club, *everybody* wanted to play there. Bodies would be pulled up on stage. Word would go 'round: 'The cat's here!'"

—Continued on Next Page

While some cafe managers were vicious and psychopathic, others were just plain crazy. Bunky recalls an anecdote: "For some reason, Windex, when it's mixed with Coke, has a chemical reaction that gives it a rum flavor. A rum Coke used to be a squirt of Windex, a jugger of yesterday's Coca-Cola, and a quick stir with a dirty stick. Sometimes, they even used Ajax. If they really didn't like you, it was a bit of Three-in-One lubricant in your coffee."

Those days are gone forever, and not too many people mourn them. But for Bunky and Jake, it was easier to make a living then on the most amateur and hysterical of folk circuits than it is now in the cold and professional arenas of rock and roll. "You had all those places to play in," Jake stresses. "You could make forty or fifty dollars on a weekend, and still be as nasty as you wanted to."

*Daphne made the run
Just to cop some bubble gum.*

Suddenly, in 1966, things went bad, and money was hard to get. With the rent debt piling up, Jake, who had had short-term stints with Mike Settle, Jim Tyler, the Magicians and the Fugs as an instrumentalist ("The first time I ever heard myself sing on tape, I decided to give up singing"), felt that the simplest and fastest way to get rich was to start writing songs and to cash in on the advances. Needless to say, the scheme didn't work, but it did get the duo into the recording studio.

Since he had already known managers Art Polhemus and Bob Wyld of Longhair Productions from his Magician days, Jake took a sheaf of tunes to them. To his surprise, they liked the songs and suggested an immediate L.P. "Hey," exclaims Bunky, "we were baffled that they wanted to make it so quickly, but we rushed into it and signed all the contracts. It didn't dawn on us until later that maybe we should have gotten some money for it. We never did. Polhemus and Wyld had a deal with Mercury as producers, so that became our label."



Bunky and Jake's first album isn't exactly a milestone of rock. "The songs aren't personal because they weren't written for us," Jake explains. "We had no idea we would be singing them. We wanted variety and tried to use all of our sources—old records, Bobby Goldsboro, the Beach Boys, Keith, Django Reinhardt, and bossa nova—but things became too diversified, and the LP just didn't hold together."

Furthermore, they knew nothing about the studio. Jake can hardly believe how green they were. "Art and Bob would ask us, 'What do you want to have on this tune? Would you like some violins?' and we'd say, 'Humm, great idea.' Man, we didn't know anything."

Although there is a serious identity problem on *Bunky and Jake*, the city songs generally stand up well. "Daphne Plum" is about a girl who makes the dope run, "The Candy Store" a tribute to group harmony and the old days, and "Taxicab" a curious protest song. Curious because, in a city where people casually piss on your feet in the subway or knife you in your own apartment, the resplendent Mantovaniisms in the background just won't do.

The first album, saddled with a cover that would shock a blind man, sold only three thousand copies. Record Number Two, *L.A.M.F.* (the title is a sample of New York gang graffiti and means "Like a mother-fucker"), with graphics by Bunky and Jake themselves, has already done better than that, but it no runaway bestseller. From a promotional viewpoint, Mercury is behind the LP—so far behind it that they hardly know it's there.

"It looks like it's going to die," says Jake with sisyphian resignation. "I don't think that many record companies believe in their artists. Somebody has to tell them who to believe in. They don't know one artist from another. When an audience stands up and yells for more, they can understand that, but these cats don't know anything about music. They say they like our album, but that the red ink in the books won't allow them to promote it. You work so hard on the goddamn thing, and then you find out they don't care about it at all."

L.A.M.F., to put it quite simply, is one of those fine records that everyone tends to overlook. The material—mostly by Jacobs-Skinner—is distinguished, personal, and confident. Gone are the stiffness, hesitancy, and vagueness that marred the first album. The supporting musicians—Doug Rauch and Felix Pappalardi, bass; Mike Rosa, drums; and Buzzy Linhart, vibes—are excellent, particularly clarinetist Perry Robinson with his eerie abstract-Dixieland contributions to Reverend Gary Davis's "I Am the Light" and Jake's "Oh Pearl," two of the LP's best songs.

On "Girl from France," the background singing, all overdubbed by Bunky and Jake, comes directly from "The Wind" by the Diablos. "We cop a lot of our backgrounds from old singles," confesses Jake. "As long as our sources are obscure, I feel no pain about it."

"In a way, 'I Was a Champion' and 'One More Cowboy' are breakthroughs for us. They're a little heavier than the city tunes. At first, we didn't understand the lyrics for 'Champion,' but then we began to feel a gospel-spiritual quality in them. A thousand singing, marching angels, don't you know."

"We don't do too many tunes that are down, and we don't use a whole lot of symbolism or imagery. We have images, but not crystal images; our images are a little more about the street. If I'm really down, I won't write a down tune. Writing songs can bring you up; and finishing them brings you up even further."

"In the future, we want to continue to play with people we know are good. You can't go wrong, man, if you put your faith in musicians you respect. Maybe that's why Eric Clapton decided against all this virtuosity and the twenty-five minute solos. Maybe he just wants to play with people."

Bunky smiles in agreement. "I guess that makes us optimists, after all."

*Just as long as I'm in this world
I am the light.*

"That's a very heavy statement."

Happily, things look a little brighter for Bunky and Jake. People are starting to buy the second record. Polhemus and Wyld have made a deal that provides for the free use of a studio in which to rehearse new material. Some bookings are beginning to come in.

Jake tugs at his black horn-rims and produces a scholarly Jack Elliott smile. "Hey, man, we're playing in Boston and Miami for good money."

"Your-ami, not My-ami," says Bunky with a wink.



PERSPECTIVES: BEATING UP ON THE EXPENDABLES

BY RALPH GLEASON

"It is magnificent sport . . . I remember one group . . . gave me the impression of a budding rose as the bomb exploded in their midst . . . it was exceptionally good fun . . ."—*Vittorio Mussolini* (writing about bombing Ethiopian soldiers in the Thirties).

"When I hear the word 'culture,' I reach for my revolver . . ."
—*Hermann Goering*

"It is the most exciting thing since my tenth birthday when I rode a roller coaster for the first time . . ."
—*S. I. Hayakawa* (referring to the events on the San Francisco State Campus, when nine persons were victims of violence).

Three kinds of people are expendable in this society: black people, poor people and non-conformist youth. Essentially it is the same thing that makes them expendable. They are not like us, therefore they are bad.

It's not just because he is bald that the sheriff is uptight about your long hair. It's not just that he thinks you look feminine. It's that by wearing the long hair and/or sideburns and beard, you declare yourself to be *not like him*. If you abandon the Schick for a Wilkinson, it's okay, but if you abandon both, you are threatening the very life blood of the nation. *You are different*. And difference is dangerous and probably bad. Smelling strangeness, he attacks.

Blacks are always suspect because they must, by definition, be poor, since demonstrably they have no resources to make money (except clowns, entertainers and other privileged minorities within a minority). If they do have money, it must be illegal. They certainly have fewer rights even than the bearded and can be stopped and searched at will. Who can they complain to? The deepest malaise may be sexual, at least it's complicated by sex, but Franz Fanon put it in economic terms which really makes much sense.

Young people by definition have no rights, since they are not yet adults and rights are granted by adults to adults—a process of surrender—not inherited merely as a part of being. So youth by its very nature is without rights, just as it is without money and thus without strength.

The fact that the concept of youth without rights is just as blind as the concept of youth without money is irrelevant; certainly until the strength of the economics is felt, it will remain so.

Non-conformist youth, like blacks, are expendable on two counts. They are not part of us and they are young. The threat of the young is traditional; anthropologists offer enough evidence on that score. But the threat of the young today is very special and it involves sex and economics.

Not only does youth threaten the Elders of the Tribe sexually, but for the very first time, there are teen-age millionaires, so that the threat is also economic. The Elders are desperately trying to retain power in all the structures they have built. It will be easy for them to retain power in, say, the telephone company. But it is obvious that anything which depends on customer good will, customer relations or public relations at this point in time must by necessity come to terms with youth.

Thus the Nehru jackets and drug store medallions on business executives. Thus the teen-age advisors to business, the teen-age designers, record executives and the rest. Not necessarily because they know what they are doing, but because they are young enough so that an Elder, aware that something is happening, Mr. Jones, casting about for an ambassador to bridge the generation gap, can lean on them. It's like the advertising people in *A Hard Day's Night*, with their "trends." Very groovy, but true.

In the world of rock, the Elders have lost almost all control of the product itself, except in special cases. They are still in control of the structure of most of the means of production, however, and of the display cases for the wares, such as theatres, ballrooms and clubs.



As more and more rock groups, writers and singers take over control of their own fortunes, branch out to other media (film, TV, etc.) and in general assume a greater control at the decision-making level, the Elders are training a whole cadre of Gary Lewis & the Playboys types in their own image (if not in the physical image, then in the spiritual image i.e. \$\$\$\$). In politics, they force a Julian Bond to conform. In baseball, they make even the millionaire players cut their hair.

At the colleges and universities, the entire thing comes into focus. Increasingly in the technological society, these places have become giant plants for work-in-training projects manufacturing replacement parts for the social machine. As the conflict between black and white, between young and old, between conformist (i.e. realist) and non-conformist (i.e. romantic idealist) becomes greater in the society, it becomes more acute in the schools. TV has not made the young go blind, nor grow up absurd. Instead it has opened their eyes and now, if they are black, brown or yellow, they are demanding what they see the whites have. And if they are poor, they want what they see it is possible to have.

So the potential rebel romantic goes to college to better himself and finds out that they control the ultimate prize—the piece of paper, the diploma. Without it, he can't work in their system. Even as a teacher. More and more, there are laws and rules and regulations requiring the degree (*corruptissima publica plurimae leges*—in the most corrupt state, the most laws—Seneca).

If they could have done so, they would have controlled the music. The man can't control the music, even if he can bust you for smoking grass. Music is uncontrollable. Thus the message seeps through. If they could have made it so, it would be illegal to work in a rock band without a diploma.

They have come close to this with the American Federation of Musicians' rules. It is impossible to work (at least in a money making band) and not belong to the AFM. But the AFM is in genuine terror of its life and with good and sufficient reason. So there is little pressure other than to join and pay the dues. But not to shave.

Thus the Army finds the GIs guilty of mutiny and sentences them to 15 years' hard labor. Everybody knows they didn't mutiny, but the threat of the failure of one soldier to do what he is ordered to do is the ultimate threat to the entire military machine. Despite all our sanctimonious posturing at Nuremberg, we only means that the *German* soldier should have refused to obey orders if they went against his conscience; not an American soldier. By definition, an American sol-

dier never would have received such orders.

Unlike the Army, the schools traditionally have dreamed and talked about scholastic freedom, the freedom to inquire, the freedom to learn, freedom of speech. And they have thought these freedoms really existed and the thought was encouraged. Until they began to practice it. Then it became necessary to call the tactical squad and then the highway patrol and then the national guard. Because education is a privilege to be granted, just as it is a privilege to serve your country.

It won't be long before the schools will be in the same position as the Army. Hasn't the Army always had a non-academic scholastic approach? It wasn't just "join the Army (or Navy) and see the world," but learn . . . a trade, a profession, a skill.

Before this society readjusts itself, the schools will resemble the army in more ways than the similarity of their physical plants (buildings, etc.). The schools will be armed camps with barbed wire around them and bayoneted guards at the gates and you will need a pass to enter and leave.

It is quite obvious that the only solution to the Army is not to get into it.

The same solution will ultimately be applied to the schools and universities. Knowledge can be acquired in many ways outside the classroom. At this point, the greatest educational process American youth has undergone has been first the FSM, then the other campus revolts. At the University of California, as well as at Wisconsin and Michigan and Columbia, the educational index increased geometrically in proportion to the intensity of the strike. Nothing educates students like a line of armed cops.

The Free Universities which are blooming all over the country are in direct response to this. The academic establishment still dispenses the pieces of paper, but more and more there are schools outside the structure and more and more there are young people who opt out of the establishment's economy. They do not want to go to work for General Motors or IBM.

Automation and the rest of technology is working towards a system whereby that portion of the society can function almost totally by machine. The leisure provided by this will increasingly be occupied by art and it will also spawn new occupations. You don't need a diploma to cut records, write songs, sell records or manufacture them. The whole process of diplomas, like the society itself, has always been a prime enemy of art.

It is not surprising that Hayakawa sounds like Mussolini. Why not? They are the same thing. So is the Union Oil executive who couldn't understand why so much fuss was made about a few dead birds, when the oil flowed on the water at Santa Barbara. So are the student fascist trainees with the Hayakawa armbands crashing Wisconsin picket lines. So are the policemen's associations (codifying the police state philosophy). So are the mine owners and the other exploiters of West Virginia and Kentucky and their fellows at the clubs with the stock exchange tickers.

Rock and roll's drive is towards creativity, which is by definition a drive towards life and is shared by all art. "The only defense against the destruction of Western civilization is the creative act," Kenneth Rexroth, the poet, once said. True, man, true.

Hayakawa's drive, like the drive of Nixon and Agnew and LBJ and Goldwater and the rest, is towards a rigid military state.

As long as you want something they can refuse to give you unless you cop out, they have you by the balls. And in the world they make, desolation row is only one of its highways, there are at least 61 others and there is no room for the poet, or the musician. When they run it totally, there will be no Bob Dylans.

BOOKS

BY MICHAEL LYDON

Outlaw Blues, Paul Williams, E. P. Dutton, \$1.75.

"Rock and roll has given us a whole new playground," Paul Williams said in an interview in the fall of 1967. "If it weren't for rock and roll, we'd have to play in somebody else's playground. I mean it's hard to groove on Plato because other people have done it for so long that you have to learn the rules. But we're creating standards for criticism, a whole new aesthetic."

That's really it, isn't it—why I'm writing, you're reading, and why Rolling Stone exists as a medium? Rock and roll, a few million of us decided, could be our prime framework, a thing we could dig and read and write about as a way to get to everything. It was better than history, philosophy, or literature, because it was immediately available. Nobody had to tell you anything so you could dig it; you already dug it; you already dug it the way you dig a hamburger or a sunny day.

Moreover, only us millions (mostly young and mostly English and American) who understood rock without even trying understood it at all. Other perspectives, like history or philosophy, were already controlled by "experts" and "authorities." Not rock; rock was our own secret garden, and the authorities didn't have the key. It was virgin territory, our discoveries in it would be the discoveries. To describe them in the descriptions, all we had to do was delineate the understanding. Rock musicians were creating new music, so writers had to create new criticism. Writing had to be an appropriate response to the music: in writing about, say *Sgt. Pepper*, you had to try to write something as good as *Sgt. Pepper*. Because, of course, what made that record beautiful was the beautiful response it created in you; if your written response was true to your listening response, the writing would stand on its own as a creation on a par with the record.

That, anyway, was the hope and inspiration. The results, and I certainly include my own, have largely been failures. Rock writing has not been nearly as good as the music. I don't just mean the garbage written by people who never even had the immediate response to rock ("never loved" is a better way of saying it)—shit like *The Beatles Book* or most of the mass media reviews. Even the stuff by real rock writers, though usually intelligent, has been disappointing.

Critical language has for the most part been borrowed from other fields—few writers have been able to shake their liberal arts educations. The few new terms (tight, together, heavy) are vague and indiscriminating. A rock erudition has been established, and writers talk casually of "influences" and "development," but it is all very distant. There are more reviewers, whose main function is commercial, than critics whose concerns are truly aesthetic. There is little rock criticism; change the names and it could be jazz or movies or art. And the bitch is that without other precedents, this bad writing is setting the precedents, and one more clean slate in the planet's history is getting fucked up beyond all recognition.

Paul Williams is the exception, the lovely, lyric exception. He is, I think the best writer around today whose subject is rock and roll—simply head and shoulders and arms and maybe even legs above everyone else. He is smart, daring, knowledgeable, and he writes like a whiz. With discipline and honesty, plus a generosity with his own spirit that is awesome, he has been true to the demand that the critic must create. He is a rock critic; the essential oils of rock permeate his every sentence.

Outlaw Blues, a collection of his essays, most of which appeared first in *Crawdaddy!*, is a beautiful book. It is as good as *Sgt. Pepper*; not only does it set a standard as *Sgt. Pepper* did, but it too is a free communication of understanding drawn from a loving response to rock and roll music. And by being so true to rock, it is about everything, just the way good rock is.

Unfortunately for potential readers, Paul Williams has the reputation of being "difficult" and hard to understand. "I can never get into Williams"—I've heard that dozens of times. Well, just open your

ears, relax, Paul Williams, in the nicest possible meaning of the phrase, is easy reading.

But he won't tell you what to think, which apparently makes him, *a priori*, "difficult" for a lot of people. Explanations and facts are nice—I have always liked detailed inner notes and will always read how a record was made—but our insecurities are such that we want not only facts but judgments posing as facts. So critics feel reader pressure (and ego pressure) to be experts; like Caesar, they finally accept the crown and become minor despots, issuing their fiat from behind the walls of their own value categories. And readers relate as loyal or surly subjects.

Paul Williams has always resisted that pressure. "I see rock as a means of expression, an opportunity for beauty, an art," he writes in the brief preface. "So what I have written is expression, not explanation; an attempt to convey what I feel from the music, an exploration of what rock does to me. Reading the book will better enable you to 'explain' rock to yourself."



"A sensitive critic must act as a guide," he says again in his brilliant essay on Dylan. But a guide can only be effective if you follow him. So when you read Williams, you have to act too, you have to give back some energy. And why not? He's giving his energy to you. You don't have to give much. William's business is seduction, and all a good seducer needs to succeed is a smile in return. Just take a half-step in Paul's direction, leave behind for an instant the notion that the only way to learn is to be told something (an idea rock should have disabused you of already), and he'll take you the rest of the way home.

I wish I could explain him for you. I can't, and my digging him means I don't want to. Maybe I can show you, though. Take this, for instance:

"The relationship within any series of well-expressed concepts may be so complex in their implications as to multiply endlessly the concepts involved; which is to say that as you read and reread this sentence in order to make it make sense, you will continually discover new and different ideas it might contain. Which doesn't mean it *does* contain them, but rather that it generates them; without the sentence you never would have created those ideas. Any confusion as to which sentence I'm referring to is one of the ambiguities that makes this statement valid."

A neat tour-de-force of circularity, playful and very funny, mind boggling like the best riddles and paradoxes, and yet serious about the way we get ideas. It is in an essay about the spaces between the songs on *The Byrds Greatest Hits*, and it seems well-prompted by the Byrds' shimmering open-ended sound and also that time between songs, a moment filled with consideration and regret for the song just over and excited anticipation of the song to come. Don't say it's too complicated; to listen to rock or to read good

writing is to know the profusion of ideas a phrase or word can unlock; Williams' genius is to raise such ordinary perceptions about perception into the light.

Or this:

"The artists' emotions and sense perceptions are transmitted by means of his work . . . The medium is inanimate, an object. What you receive—not a message, not a specific, but a sum of messages, an emotion, a vision, a perception—what you receive is part of the artist. It's alive. It's reborn in you. Music. The notes are not important. Virtuosity means nothing. No one cares how well you rearrange the objects. You gotta have soul, baby, which just means it's gotta be you you're passing on, people receiving parts of people, living matter, animate stuff. The medium and the messages it contains are so much nothing . . . unless there is human life on both ends of the line, sending, receiving, transferring bits of human consciousness from one soul to another."

Wow! When I read that (in the essay, "How Rock Communicates") I saw clearly for the first time why music can



be a thrill and joy almost unbearably great. Because it's like falling in love—you really know, are sure, that there is somebody else besides you in the universe, and that someone is *talking to you!* What a miracle! Jesus, it's no wonder rock and roll makes you jump up and down you're so happy.

Perceptions of that order continually flow out of *Outlaw Blues*, but the whole book is not that abstract. It has loads of stuff to it, solid information about how rock is made, and a lot of the nice kind of song and album analyses that are fun to read while you're listening to the record. Dylan, the Beach Boys, the Stones, the Airplane, Buffalo Springfield, the Doors, the Kinks, the Who, and many others—Paul says a lot or a little about all of them. His tone is always that of a friend. He has listened more than most of us, and has worked harder at expressing himself, but he is just talking, and you can talk back.

But he is not just rapping. He is creating, and that means defining and shaping his words into coherent forms that express meanings on a level beyond that of the word flow. So, for instance, the long interview with David Anderle about Brian Wilson (itself worth the price of the book), is a short story, complete with beginning, middle, and end. The interview form becomes a sophisticated narrative device for telling the story of an artist's struggle with himself, his friends, and the limits of his art.

The items in "What Went On" are no longer news, but the chapter is a perceptive diary of the optimistic Great Leap Forward days of 1967. "Now comes the revolution; and we're winning," Williams wrote in the post-*Pepper* summer, and one recalls the intense excitement of possibility that those months contained. Why don't we feel that good today? The diary now seems a bit naive, but that's normal at a revolution's beginning; today's gush-

ing about "rock revolution" is the cynical deceit of businessmen, who, having drunk our wine, really mean "growth" and "expansion."

But Williams did mean revolution, and what gives the book its energy and beauty is his grasp of the revolution inherent in rock and roll. Not just the revolution of rock's inherent grasp of adolescent violence and yearning—the one fault I find with the book is that it makes rock sound a little too friendly (its "Have You Seen Your Mother, Baby" side is slighted) but the revolution inherent in the way we perceive rock.

As I have been writing a friend has pointed out that Williams' underlying aesthetic principle is a reversal of the trend of art criticism of the past 60 years. Criticism in this century generally has tended to downplay the artist and to elevate the abstract work. Critics have neglected art as an expression of a self in favor of analysis of the formal handling of ideal categories—balance, tone, clarity and style in the use of material.

But while rock can be subjected to that sort of analysis (and is by the critics mentioned earlier), it is more importantly taken whole—dig. Listeners make an immediate leap through the work to identify passionately with the artist and what he is saying. Thus hero worship and fan magazines and groupies are intrinsic to rock: we are all groupies! And that is why if you love, let's say, the Stones, you will always appreciate their newest song, however "good" or "bad," according to formal considerations, because it tells you something new about them, and you always want to know more about those you love. Though the news you get might be disappointing or cause for concern.

Williams didn't invent a theory, he just wrote truly about how we know about rock and roll. That turned out to be, says my friend, how 19th century theorists (particularly Tolstoy) thought about art, as pure communication similar to religious experience. No, Williams is not pushing any "rock" religion, but, yes, his book is filled with the spiritually knocked-out feeling of truth hitting you between the eyes that you get when you hear your favorite song.

"When you are listening to a rock and roll song the way you listen to 'Jumpin' Jack Flash,' or something similar, that's the way you should really spend your whole life," Peter Townshend said in his *Rolling Stone* interview. That would be the rock revolution.

" . . . And everybody here listen to my song tonight; gonna save the whole world," Paul Williams quotes Mick Jagger in the preface to *Outlaw Blues*. Williams is listening to the song, and his book is a helping, encouraging hand to keep up all listening.

The Poetry of Rock, edited by Richard Goldstein, Bantam \$1.00.

It is a bit unfair to review *The Poetry of Rock* with *Outlaw Blues*. The former has to suffer by comparison. Both by well-known New York writers and both first books, *Outlaw Blues* is an excellent book, while *The Poetry of Rock* barely escapes being a non-book.

I'm glad I own it; the lyrics are well chosen (about seventy are quoted in full), and Goldstein's introduction and notes are intelligent and to the point. And since he makes no special claims for the book—Goldstein admits its brevity, its omissions, and the difficulty of putting song lyrics on paper—there is nothing to knock down.

But it is still disappointing. Goldstein's style is irritatingly zingy. What real thought or feeling is contained in glossy phrases like "today's rock partisan—plugged into a stereophonic nirvana" or "[Chuck Berry's] hips as smooth as gears and his suit spangled with delight"? Maybe Goldstein is feeling something, but he doesn't convince me that his perceptions matter, even to himself.

The superficiality of the language is underscored by the book's admitted limitations. Goldstein simply wasn't trying very hard when he did this book, or at least I hope for his sake he wasn't. Bantam's packaging of the book—bad cover and atrociously phony hip illustrations—shows they didn't take it very seriously. Their attitude is clear: a fun book for fun people on fun rock. And they were right: the whole feeling of the book is just a shade less clichéd than the shallowest pop culture chatter. It is possible to get something out of the book—some insights and lyrics you might never have fully gotten from records—but the book itself is trivial. That's no crime, but who needs, and why write, a trivial book?

ARE YOU PREJUDICED AGAINST ZOMBIES?

The Zombies are an outasight group stuck with an unfortunate name.

The Zombies: 1964 British invasion. A hundred mediocre British groups who had hits just because they were British. Right?

OK, now that we've pinpointed your prejudice we can deal with it.

Last year we released Odessey and Oracle. An album rich with beautiful, together music. People who swallowed their prejudice, and listened, had this to say:

"Odessey and Oracle is thoroughly pleasant, sometimes brilliant, never dull or pretentious. There are no superfluous cuts on the LP."—The L.A. Times

"A magnificent album. They [The Zombies] composed, arranged, performed and produced all twelve new tunes here and every one of them is a knock out. Everybody will want to record some of them."—Hit Parade

And so went the reviews.

But even people who saw the reviews were reluctant to run right out and buy an album by The Zombies.

After all, they were still called The Zombies.

So we released a single from the album: "Time of the Season." Disc jockeys, probably not hip enough to be turned off by their 1964 name, listened. Liked. And began playing.

Needless to say, it was a hit. The album began to sell. And Zombie prejudice began to disintegrate.

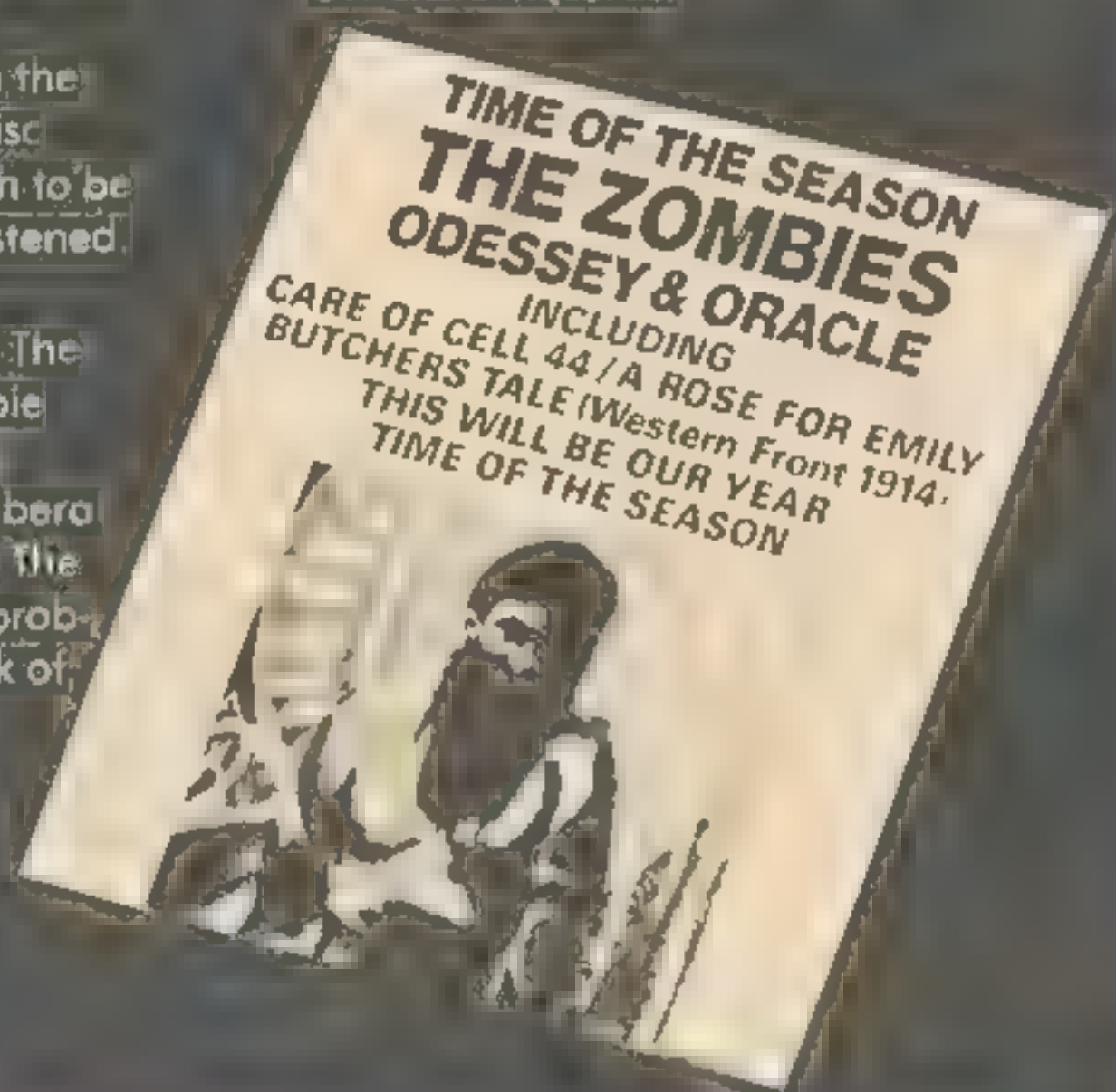
How about yours? Are you liberal enough to listen to an album by The Zombies—musicians who are probably a bit bewildered by the lack of success awarded to music as outstanding as theirs?

To make it easier on you, we've retitled their album after the hit single.

But if you're still not interested, send us your suggestions for a new name.

Maybe we'll retitle the group.

On date Records.



*From the Rolling Stone review of Odessey and Oracle

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BLUES the Brown way.... SAVOY BROWN



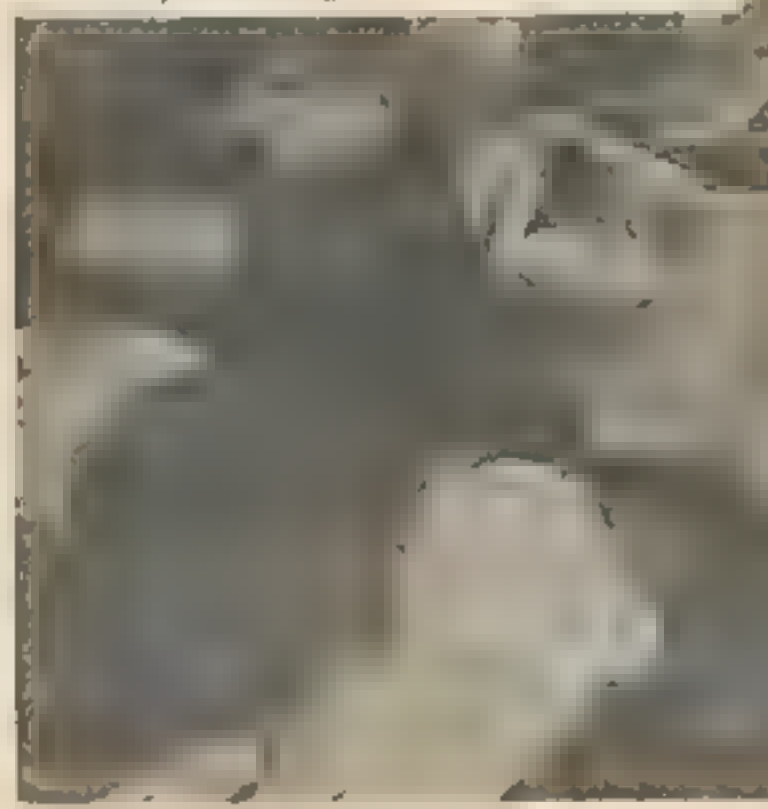
BL. CHARLES A. FRACCHIA

Thursday, February 27, 1969; there I was, a tired San Francisco stockbroker and investment banker, with an invitation to New York's Cerebrum, hopping a cab at 81st and Fifth at 7:30 p.m. The cabbie looked puzzled when I said, "429 Broome Street, please."

Down the East River Drive we went, and finally into Lower Manhattan's "loft district." Broome Street was dark and empty, and I began to suffer vague fears and uncertainties. The driver asked if I wanted the police station. I replied in the negative and said I was looking for a sort of night club.

We came upon 429 Broome Street—a several stories high typical Lower Manhattan building, somewhat crumbly and absolutely dark. Both the cabbie and I were certain that I must have the wrong address. I paid him, and asked him to wait while I checked out the building.

The store front first floor had blackened windows, but a small plaque stating "Cerebrum, Ring for Admittance" and an accompanying buzzer assured me that this indeed was Cerebrum. I waved the taxi away and rang.



I pushed open the door upon the answering buzz, and found myself in a small, dark cubicle. An over-heated imagination gave way to desperation when I found myself trapped. I couldn't feel a door, and visions of some remote Charlie Chan movie danced into my head.

Suddenly, a panel slipped back; and I was confronted by a mini-skirted young lady who asked if she could help me. "Yes," I stammered, "I'm Charles Fracchia from San Francisco, and I'm expected."

This stilted statement seemed to mean something, for she smiled, welcomed me, and asked me to remove my hat and overcoat. When I had accomplished this, still trembling, I was asked to remove my shoes and follow her.

At the end of a short labyrinth, I stood in a platform-vestibule overlooking a long, stark white room with two open projection booths at both ends. The room had fourteen richly carpeted platforms along with a common walkway down the middle. There was no one in the room.

My guide left me at this point, but at the other end of the room emerged a girl, walking slowly towards me. She wore a flowing diaphanous robe, and for a moment I felt as if I were in some ancient temple of Isis with a vestal virgin apparition before me.

The original guide re-appeared, introduced me to my new guide, by name Denise, and instructed her to take me to platform four. The feeling that I was an initiate in some religious rite was reinforced by the almost ritualistic format of this scene, and further by slowly following, and watching, Denise's unclothed body beneath the diaphanous robe.

At platform four, she chatted politely, handed me a canvas bag and a white robe, and announced that I could take off any or all the clothes I wished. "Certainly," she said, "you'd be much more comfortable without your coat, vest, tie and shirt."

These I took off, and later also discarded my socks. But that was all. A sudden feeling of inhibition and modesty, and a curious, foolish feeling suffused me.

Denise left me, and I squatted down on the platform, which had a small square in the middle of it which contained several plugs. A large, round light was plugged into one of these plugs. At this point, rock music began to pour into the room, and, from the two projection rooms, slide images were sprayed into the walls. It was 8:00.

I had no idea what was going to happen or what I was to be doing. I was also puzzled and frightened by the fact that no one else was in the room. Denise again appeared and brought me a device

CEREBRUM



upon which one could draw patterns and which could be lighted to illuminate these images. She plugged it in and departed.

Feeling bored and apprehensive I began to doodle with this toy. Some voice noises then reached me, and I saw others being led into the room. I felt relieved. Idly and curiously I watched these new arrivals. Two couples, young, well-groomed and attractive, went onto one platform. Another couple, quasi-hippie looking, entered the platform next to mine. A threesome, two young men and a beautiful girl with long blonde hair, were led by a guide to another adjoining platform.

The robing ritual was accomplished in a different manner in each case. One couple completely undressed and then put on their robes. The others slipped on their robes and then proceeded to undress. I now felt somewhat foolish with the pants and underclothes I wore beneath my robe.

Each platform group was brought some toy or device, as were others as they arrived. The atmosphere, despite the music and light shows, was somewhat tense and quizzical. Couples talked softly to each other, and the guides walked quietly about. I was bored, wondered what the "big deal" was all about, and contemplated my exit.

The guides brought out some balloons which various couples began diffidently to pat about. A large helium balloon was pushed about gaily by those in the room—until it burst. The atmosphere slowly and subtly began to change. Each person began to relate increasingly to his or her partner and to the ubiquitous but unobtrusive guides.

I was feeling less bored, but, being alone, more depressed and lonely. I felt foolish by retaining on my clothes, felt lonely on the isolation of my platform (I desperately wanted someone there with me); and, in this sole, introspective confrontation with myself, felt overwhelmed with anxieties of inadequacy and alienation.

At this point, a guide came and knelt by me with a small bowl. From this bowl she removed a white lotion (Jergens?), and began to massage and ply my hand with it. At first I kept my hand rigid, but then I responded and began to ply her hand. This action/reaction goes on for a while, and then she leaves to repeat the process on another platform. Couples start to put lotion on hands, arms, and faces and to feel and touch each other. A few couples join together and do the same.

The change in atmosphere now is more dramatic. Interaction between ever-changing individuals and groups is obvious. A parachute is brought out. Several lie be-

neath it. Others waft it up and down. Spontaneous dancing is engaged in by others—alone, a couple, or several. Tambourines and bongo drums appear, and the participants keep time to the music with them. Dancing with tambourines in their hands, several of these participants hold onto a role of aluminum foil, resembling the revellers in some ancient Dionysiac rite.

The almost gay, festive mood changes again as couples return to their platforms. A fog emerges from beneath the platforms and fills the room. Different colored lights play on the fog—blue, green, yellow. Through this colored opacity I can see some slowly dancing in Grecian formlessness, others embracing tenderly.

The fog clears, and the guides bring each water and bread, eaten almost in sacramental communality, followed by strawberries soaked in wine. This sparks, once more, a communal feeling, changing inter-relationships between those in the room.

More deeply depressed by my inhibitive inability to respond, to partake, to relate to those individuals around me, I curse those three decades of up-bringing which have so restricted me, I curse my aloneness. Suddenly, one of the attractive girls on the platform across from me walks onto my platform. She smiles and asks, "Why have you been sitting alone all this evening?"

I respond that I have spent the evening trying to fathom just that question. She

sits next to me, and then invites me to stroll with her. We walk hand-in-hand on the walk-way. We talk. "Join me with the others," she says. We lie beneath the parachute, feeling the cool air of its up-and-down motion. I feel part of humanity, a warmth towards my companion and towards those others in the room. I am filled with a warm happiness. Loneliness is banished.

It is 11:00. It is finished. The music stops. Everyone goes back to their platforms and begin to dress. I am baffled, annoyed. It can't be finished. I have just begun to enjoy myself.

My companion and I walk back to my platform. We are still contentedly talking when a guide appears and announces that Ruffin (Cerebrum's creator and owner) is there and would like to talk with me. I hurriedly dress, and my companion retreats to her platform to dress.

I follow my guide, and meet and chat with Ruffin. An unfulfilled longing fills me, and a sudden inspiration strikes me: I want to ask this lovely, charitable, human being, this symbol of my return to life, to return with me to Cerebrum on another evening. Thus, I shall erase the memory of loneliness and non-relating. It shall be a re-birth. I say goodbye to Ruffin, arrange to meet him soon, and quickly retrieve my hat and coat. I scurry out onto the street, but no one is in sight. The street is dark and empty.

Fear and emptiness alternate. I quickly walk up Broadway to Houston thinking "I must find her; I must return with her." But how does one find someone, whose name one doesn't know, in a city of eight million people. But, how I wanted to find her. I hail a taxi, and feverishly return to my hotel. There was no sleep for me that evening.

What is Cerebrum? Attempted definitions of Cerebrum are legion (e.g., "an electronic studio of participation," "a psychedelic play-pen," "a McLuhan gershwin house," "it is a place to explore . . . where conventional entertainment structures have been rejected for an atmosphere that permits sensual and creative freedom on the part of its participants," etc., etc., etc.). Cerebrum is undefinable, and to add another attempt at its definition would be a futile, ridiculous act. Cerebrum is an individual experience, within an ambience or environment set up for a participant to assume the dual role of entertainment and entertained.

The earlier descriptions of Cerebrum could possibly apply to an encounter group, a type of group therapy, a sensitivity session, etc.; but, Cerebrum has taken these new insights and principles and applied them to commercial entertainment.

Cerebrum is the conception and brain-child of 25-year-old Ruffin Cooper—a native of Pharr, Texas, and a drama graduate of Boston University. Following graduation, he operated a theater group in Texas which toured the South and the Southwest.

Cooper then sold out his interest in this theater group and went to New York, where he worked for a Broadway producer. Following this, he joined a large New York talent agency as a mail-room clerk, and steadily rose in the corporate ranks of that organization.

Unlike the typical young New York businessman, however, Cooper seethed with creative energies, and conceived of and planned the development of a huge experience entertainment complex. The cost was estimated at \$25 million. Despite an extensive and elaborate proposal, Cooper was unable to finance the development costs.

Advised to begin a small, experimental showcase entertainment concept, he left the talent agency and began a rock group (although none of the group played an instrument) which gained instantaneous success in its first outing—in Omaha, Nebraska—but which did not sustain its initial progress.

Cooper then began to experiment with light and sound with some associates, and slowly the concept that was to become Cerebrum took form. In July, 1968, his conservative Texan banker father co-signed an \$8,000 loan, and

Cooper began construction of Cerebrum.

The paucity of funds caused Cooper to use ingenuity to complete his project. He ransacked Greenwich Village for willing workers, explaining that he would only be able to pay for this work when and if Cerebrum made money. His vision was seen by many who accepted these employment terms.

Cerebrum opened in November, 1968, and became an instantaneous success. Immediate press acceptance and publicity reinforced the original advertisement by mail. The intimacy (capacity: 56) of Cerebrum caused the price of admission to fluctuate between \$4.00 for a three-hour session on Sunday through Thursday to \$21.00 on Saturday. There are two sessions: 8:00 p.m. to 11:00 p.m. and 11:30 p.m. to 2:30 a.m.

The corporation which owns and operates Cerebrum—Ruffin Associates Absolutely Unlimited, Ltd.—is now operating profitably, repaying its bank loan, and paying its staff.

There is no doubt but that Cerebrum's unusual, unique, and distinctive experience will cause an entertainment revolution. The young are bored by the conventional in entertainment. The ear-splitting body machines called disco-theques do not satisfy for long. Already the theater is undergoing such a revolution (witness *Dionysius in '69*, in which the actors strip and invite the audience on stage for any spontaneous activity they feel like).

Ruffin Cooper calls Cerebrum "the first World III entertainment, the entertainment hope of the future." World III is a characteristic phrase of Ruffin's: it means a new culture age, as different from the post-World War II period as that was from the post-World War I age. (If there is a World War III, of course, the culture of the following period is dubious—hence, World III.)

"Cerebrum is active entertainment, one of participation and commitment rather than any thing at all resembling the current entertainment media which is passive, constraining, and actually a very detrimental force to the development of a creative and aware society."

"Cerebrum over-turns all entertainment convention—tables, chairs, dance floors, waiters, stages, ushers, programs, screens, performers, and commercials. The 'sit here—look there,' the 'please don't touch,' the 'sit here—dance there' are all things of the past. Without them you find yourself, for the first time in public, free to be yourself and to see yourself and to see many other people seeing and being themselves."

Ruffin sees a growing awareness in the world that people must begin to get to

—Continued on Page 30

RECORDS

God Bless Tiny Tim, Tiny Tim (Reprise RS 6202)

Tiny Tim's Second Album (Reprise RS 6323)

Fats Is Back, Fats Domino (Reprise RS 6304)

The Holy Mackerel (Reprise RS 6311)

BY JERRY HOPKINS

Here's a flash for the Fats Domino fans.

Fats Domino did not play piano on the "Lady Madonna" and "Lovely Rita" cuts in *Fats Is Back*. And of the remaining nine songs on the LP, he contributed only occasional piano solos on eight, playing piano all the way through on just one. (This last was "I'm Ready," an oldie Fats has been playing for years.) Sitting in for the Fat Man were a studio musician named Larry Knechtel (playing the Beatles songs) and a friend of Fats' from New Orleans, Booker James.

If why this was done tells something about Fats Domino—and it does—perhaps it tells even more about the producer of that record, 26-year-old Richard Perry. Perry is a New Yorker who worked as a producer-songwriter for Kama Sutra in 1966-67, moved to California to co-produce the first Captain Beefheart album, then just over a year ago joined Warner Bros.-Seven Arts and Reprise to make his fame and the beginnings of a fortune as the man who produced Tiny Tim.

Some in the business consider Perry one of the most imaginative producers currently working. His "sound"—if, indeed, he has one—is not so startling or unique, but how he approaches his artists is. He has, besides control, a sense of packaging.

Part of this is evidenced in Perry's somewhat off-beat selection of material: Fats Domino singing "Lady Madonna"? Tiny Tim singing "Great Balls of Fire"? (And when Perry records his next artist, Theo Bikel, again he will pull a switcheroo, using material by the Beatles, Rolling Stones and Donovan.)

Perry says he uses the unexpected for "shock value," but not for that alone. "I loathe gimmicks," he said. "The unexpected only works with artists people are familiar with. I guess my mind does travel in directions of the unexpected, because I like things that hit with tremendous impact . . . and make it besides. Unless it really makes it, the impact, the unexpected means nothing."

"It's like Tiny's laughter on the first cut of the second side of his first album. That tells you something about Tiny's personality. Maybe he's laughing at the people who laughed at him. Maybe it's something else. But it fits. Tiny's interview himself in the same position on his second album. Now, what other artist could do that? It fits. The melody that opened Fats' album. That fits, too. It's programming, not gimmickry."

Nonetheless, Perry's sense of packaging and programming has given birth to some grief. In the notes he wrote for *Fats Is Back*, Perry recalled the days when he attended Alan Freed's rock and roll extravaganzas at the Brooklyn Paramount and said, "For someone who was weaned on the compelling magic and charm of his music, this project—and my involvement with the man, Antoine Domino—can only be described as a complete and total gas." To which it must be added: Perhaps, Perry admits Fats was reluctant to accept him at first.

"Fats saw me and he knew I was going to be his producer," Perry said. "Now . . . Fats is 40 years old and he's been in the business a long time. So he had to say to himself, 'You're gonna be my producer! I've sold 16 million records!' But I was young and I represented something new, so later maybe Fats thought he had nothing to lose."

Perry said the basic track for "Lady Madonna" was cut in Los Angeles shortly after their meeting, then was taken to New York where he met Fats, who had just 10 days in which to record.

According to Perry, Fats didn't object to the song (or to Knechtel's piano-playing), because "Fats himself was a little uptight, even about the songs we cut in New York, because, you know, he hadn't been in a studio in a long time. He'd been playing night clubs every night, but that was all cast in his old image. He'd been doing the same show, all his hits, for years. There was also so much to do in such a short time, and Fats isn't the fastest learner."

This last point is significant. Once the instrumental tracks were down, Perry concentrated on the vocals, which, he said, were difficult for Fats. He nearly didn't learn the Beatles songs at all, Perry said, so Perry became a teacher.

On "Lady Madonna" he gave Fats a dub of the instrumental track, along with a copy of the original Beatles single and a lyric sheet. He said Fats sang along to the dub, often getting out of a sound sleep to rehearse. And on "Lovely Rita," Perry became a translator as well as a teacher.

RICHARD PERRY

"I thought I'd pushed him too far," Perry said. "He wasn't getting 25 per cent of the words on the first studio run-throughs. So I told him to imagine himself walking along Canal Street in New Orleans and he's walking up to his car and sees this broad giving him a ticket, and when she turns around she's this beautiful broad, and he says to her, 'Lovely Rita, meter maid . . . would you like to go out to dinner, or would you like to go back to my house and ball?' I was trying to make some sense out of it for him."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
BARON WOLMAN

Perry said Fats' next single, scheduled for late January release, is another Beatles song, "Everybody's Got Something to Hide Except Me and My Monkey." Again, Knechtel played piano . . . and this time Perry provided Fats with a dub that had Perry himself singing the words.

Perry told these stories in the dining room of his apartment overlooking the Sunset Strip, in a building owned by Mae West. His wife Linda was in the bedroom watching television (Linda is the daughter of George Goldner, founder of Roulette and Red Bird and half a dozen other successful rock labels. They met while working together at Kama Sutra and spent their honeymoon at the Monterey Pop Festival.) They have been living in this apartment for about a year, Perry said, but it looks as if they are waiting for the telephone call to return to New York; the grand piano looks lonely in a half-furnished living room, most of the windows are without drapes,



and on the floor against the walls are piles of records and an assortment of household belongings for which there are no tables or shelves. Perry's West Coast career seems well-plotted, but it looks as if he were passing through.

Perry claims he is in California to stay, but he also carries with him the look and sound of New York—with Brooklyn in his voice and a Tin Pan Alley accent. His eyes are small, his lips thick. His hair is curly, black and full, running into sideburns like fuzzy linoleum knives. He wears expensive mod clothing.

Finishing a late supper and adjusting the scarf around his neck, he switched from Fats to Tiny Tim. He had known Tiny, he said, when he was in New York, when Tiny was working for \$50 a week at the Scene. Perry said he even invested \$600 of his own money in cutting three songs with Tiny, in February 1966—"April Showers" (in the "Tiptoe Through the Tulips" bag), Huddie Ledbetter's folk ballad "Little Girl," and Tom Paxton's "Can't Help But Wonder Where I'm Bound."

Perry said he had offers to buy the masters, but he wouldn't sell because he thought they wouldn't present Tiny properly—"with dignity and respect, a whole big commercial thing, like here's the next thing, not just a creep-out. I didn't want to take the chance of Tiny having a legitimate bomb on his hands because a company didn't merchandise and promote the product properly."

In other words, control and packaging. It was at this point that luck and timing affected Perry's career. (He said luck and timing are necessary; also connections.) He had moved to Los Angeles to produce the Beefheart album with Bob Krasnow and had begun to look for a new job. Coincidentally, Reprise had just signed Tiny Tim, so when Perry walked into Reprise with the Tiny Tim dubs he had cut (among others), it seemed only a matter of agreeing to terms.

"It was like a miracle!" Perry said. "My moving to California represented the first time in two years I had been separated from Tiny. Now we were united, and it made no difference to me whether I worked for Warner Brothers or not: I knew I was going to produce him."

"I knew in 1966 what I was capable of doing with Tiny in an album. The first album I made with him I was ready to make in '66. The impact of that album and the material . . . it would have been the very same."

"So when it came time, we just got together, Tiny with his ukulele and me on the piano, and we worked things out. I listened to all the songs he knew. He has an unending repertoire, you know. Tiny's constantly playing me new material, on the average of a couple of songs a week that he gets turned on to and remembers. So when it comes time to record, we just go over and over and over the ones I feel fit. On Tiny's first album, I picked all the material. On Fats' first album, I basically did the same."

"I always like to try to stimulate creativity in my artists, in terms of them coming up with what they feel might be good songs for them to record. The artist should be concerned with what's recorded, or they can't be effective in performance. But sometimes I feel I know more about what's best for the artist than the artist does. They have to understand what I want to do with them. I had to prove this with Fats. It wasn't until after the album was complete and he'd played it, that he said, 'Yeah . . . okay.'"

Perry has been trained for success. His parents manufactured musical instruments for public schools and almost from infancy Perry has been making one kind of music or another. He formed a rock group called Richie and the Counts when he was in high school, majored in music at Northwestern University (playing piano, drums and oboe).

—Continued on Next Page

and sang on weekends in one of Decca's Fifties vocal groups, the Escorts. Following college he formed Cloud Nine Productions, producing R&B masters for sale to established labels.

Many of these masters went to Kama Sutra, whose offices were immediately adjacent to Cloud Nine, so finally Perry went there himself, leaving independent production behind. It was at this time Kama Sutra was sitting pretty smug on the charts with the Lovin' Spoonful, and Perry said he was producing singles that were seldom released, mostly R&B. It was as this disenchantment was setting in—Perry called his tour of duty with Kama Sutra "a year in Vietnam"—he moved to California.

Since joining his present employer, Perry has produced four albums, Tiny's first and second, Fats Domino's first (for the label), and a debut LP for a group called the Holy Mackerel. Perry helped form the Holy Mackerel around singer-songwriter Paul Williams (no relation to the former *Crawdaddy* editor of the same name), whom he had met when Williams wrote a song for Tiny Tim. Perry says the Holy Mackerel album was begun soon after Tiny's first was released and then was interrupted by production of *Fats Is Back*. He said he likes the Mackerel album, but "nothing is quite what it should be if it's interrupted mid-stream."

Perry currently is producing an album by (Pete) Anders and (Vinnie) Poncia, two singer-songwriters formerly known as the Trade Winds, friends of Perry's from the Kama Sutra days. He is also planning Theo Bikel's album for the label and Fats Domino's second.

Richard Perry is a successful record producer, musically and commercially. He hasn't had a hit with Fats Domino yet (*Fats Is Back* sold under 25,000 copies), but more than 300,000 copies of Tiny Tim's first album and 400,000 copies of "Tiptoe Through the Tulips" were sold, and the Domino LP has been called "perfect rock and roll." The Holy Mackerel has not been recognized as anything outstanding, but the showcase Perry constructed for Tiny Tim has been described as "just right" nearly universally.

This showcase—the lush manifestation of Perry's early dreams for Tiny Tim—has also given Perry the opportunity to conduct orchestras first in the Santa Monica Civic Auditorium, then in Caesar's Palace in Las Vegas, and finally in London's Royal Albert Hall.

"I felt there was a resentment of me being so young," Perry remembered about the orchestra musicians he faced. "But for me it was such a groove . . . and it had to be, you know. Tiny needed special attention from someone who knew him well."

Perry's talking about Tiny was interrupted by a call from his wife, still in the bedroom watching television. "Honey . . . Tiny's on the Carson Show."

We went into the bedroom and sat on the bed just as Tiny made his entrance and, wringing his hands, began his first song.

"Tiny's uptight," Perry said. "He's uptight."

Later Tiny settled down and proceeded to mystify Johnny Carson completely, working in plugs for an upcoming club date and his album at least three times each. As each plug appeared, woven intricately into Tiny's discursive monolog, Perry rolled around the king-sized bed in laughter.

"Look!! Tiny's in control now. He's in complete control!"

And this is where Richard Perry is at.



Any Day Now, Joan Baez (Vanguard VSB 79306/7).

The music of Bob Dylan is deceptive. Like Bach it is hard to perform badly while being harder still to perform well. A few artists have succeeded with individual compositions but it remains for

Joan Baez—because of her special relationship to Dylan—to interpret a substantial portfolio of his songs. She does so in *Any Day Now*, a two-record set recorded last fall in Nashville. Though excessive in length, the album is generally quite nice.

The collection varies widely, ranging from the vintage "Boots of Spanish Leather" and "Walkin' Down the Line," to social protest ("North Country Blues," "The Walls of Redwing") as well as some recent material ("Dear Landlord" and "Drifter's Escape"). Included also are some previously unpublished lyrics ("Tears of Rage") and, predictably, "Sad-Eyed Lady of the Lowlands."

The Nashville backing (assisted by Steve Stills) provides a measure of excitement which Miss Baez' recent LP's have lacked. The group is first rate and comes up with some magnificent country music lead-ins and instrumental breaks.

Miss Baez offers superb interpretations of "Love Is Just a Four Letter Word" and "One Too Many Mornings," but she runs into difficulty in "Dear Landlord" by trying to sing lyrics which should really be talked. Her voice sounds strained in "I Pity the Poor Immigrant" but the performance succeeds because of particularly good backing. "I Dreamed I Saw St. Augustine" is less successful because of a plodding delivery of complex lyrics. In general the performances of the remaining songs vary from good to excellent. Though some are less suitable for her than others in the Dylan catalog ("I Shall Be Released," for example), the arrangements are varied, inventive and sometimes overdone but usually do not intrude on the lyric line.

The problem with the album is not so much the shortcomings of individual tracks but the overall length. Aesthetically "Sad-Eyed Lady of the Lowlands" belongs there (it's Joanie's song) but it is also boring and repetitive. Leaving it off the album would have necessitated a single LP release with an even dozen of the best tracks. The results would have been more gratifying.

Musically, Joan Baez professes to having loosened up in recent months, and this is undoubtedly true. Yet her voice, with its marvelous resonance and dramatic vibrato will continue to remain unchanged whether her accompaniment is classical or country. It is as it should be. *Any Day Now* is neither pure Dylan nor pure country, but rather a pleasant amalgam of both in the renderings of a uniquely gifted artist. JOHN GRISIM JR.



James Taylor (Apple SKAO 3352).

James Taylor is the kind of person I always thought the word folksinger referred to. He writes and sings songs that are reflections of his own life, and performs in them in his own style. All of his performances are marked by an eloquent simplicity. Mr. Taylor is not kicking out any jams. He seems to be more interested in soothing his troubled mind. In the process he will doubtless soothe a good many heads besides his own.

Taylor's music is a mix between country, blues, and some antique folk styles. Whichever idiom he is leaning on in any particular song, both his lyrics and his voice flow with a lyricism that connotes a deeply personal style. Taylor is aware of his mastery of his material and therefore tends to understate things. His reserve is a sign of his maturity. He sings with resonance and plays with grace; he refuses to let himself get lost in anything that obscures his identity as an artist.

Of the songs on the album, each seems to reflect a different shade of Taylor's style—although on first hearing the album may sound a bit repetitious. "Taking It In" has the simple beat and instrumentation common to most of the tracks, but watch the rhythm changes fly right past you on the

third line of each verse: "Morning sing me a song/Afternoon bring it along/Nighttime—show me a friend/say it again/send a good dream my way." Taylor is subtle enough to put this funky bit of syncopation across without making the listener raise his eyebrows.

In a similar way, Taylor is capable of making unusual chord changes while never jolting the ear. All such changes, whether rhythmic or melodic, are absorbed by Taylor's coherent and naturalistic lyrics and singing. "Sunshine Sunshine," a lovely song about Taylor's sister Kate, is a marvelous example of his musical coherence.

"Knocking Around the Zoo" combines a subdued sense of humor with more naturalism. The song is about life in a mental hospital where "there's bars on all the windows and they're counting up spoons." "Something In the Way She Moves" is concerned with transcendence of a sort and is done without accompaniment. Again Taylor's restrained delivery contributes to the power of his presentation. He lets the melody, lyric, guitar, and voice speak for themselves. He doesn't hit you up with anything that isn't absolutely necessary to get the song across.

The two most deeply affecting cuts are "Carolina On My Mind" and "Rainy Day Man." The latter is noteworthy for its melody, the excellent vocal background, and the perfection with which the simple but important transitions are made. "Carolina" is also a beautiful song and has, in addition, an absolutely perfect arrangement. The bass playing is extraordinary, as are the background vocals (done by James and producer Peter Asher), drums—just everything.

There is only one problem with this album: some of the production is superfluous. There are a few string arrangements that serve no real function. The horn arrangements sound a bit too British. And on some cuts, James' voice is not as "up front" as it should have been. These reservations notwithstanding, this album is the coolest breath of fresh air I've inhaled in a good long while. It knocks me out. JON LANDAU.



Les Filles de Kilimanjaro, Miles Davis Quintet (Columbia CS 9750).

This is a record you've got to listen to. No amount of track-by-track description here can begin to convey the beauty and the intensity. There are five songs, but really they fit together as five expressions of the same basic piece, one sustained work.

So much of it is understated, gently pronounced. Unless you grant your peace to it, the music cannot unfold. It is the most intimate recording Miles' band—the LP is very much a group accomplishment—has given us.

Nobody could be further than Miles Davis from the stereotype jazz technician (bored, condescending to his material, contemptuous of all but a small in-group of his audience). There is nothing in this record that suggests a routine be-bop run-through of chord changes. Miles and his Quintet left a lot of musical structures (such as time signatures) a long time ago, and the assured and harmonious music they make reflects both Miles' particular spiritual direction and the deep accord of all the musicians.

Miles is always in motion, always in transition to another place. His recordings can be seen as maps charting this progress, from his uncertain be-bop days, to the ultra-controlled cool period, to the hard-bop thing (Miles had abandoned the artifices of funk almost before everybody else picked up on them), to the lush Gil Evans interlude (*Sketches of Spain*), toward modal, almost free playing, and now into this latest, unlabelled internal frame, of which this LP seems the ultimate refinement.

In an elusive way—for, while most contemporary jazz shouts and roars, this new music whispers and murmurs—*Les Filles* feels like a milestone jazz recording, one that will grow.

There are some obvious things to be said about the surface of it. There's a whole lot of electric bass and electric piano (along with the more familiar, for jazz, acoustic kinds) and they work beautifully. Miles' solo statements are even more than usually naked and melodic. Wayne Shorter is the tenor saxophone's most brilliant impressionist. And Tony Williams' drumming is one constant amazement—for his taste, his driving momentum, his kaleidoscopic subtlety/explosiveness, for every single stroke he plays or does not play.

But music transcends even these goodly parts. This peaceful, powerful recording meshes into one sweeping whole which demands—commands—your attention without relying on the slightest force or pressure. It's got to be heard to be believed. There's never been another quite like it before. JOHN BURKS



The View from the Dog Tower, Richard Brautigan (this here is a short story).

" . . . three German shepherd puppies wandered away from their home up near the County line."

—Serving Northern Santa Cruz County

I have been thinking about this little item that I read in the *North County Journal* for a couple of months now. It contains the boundaries of a small tragedy. I know we are surrounded by so much blossoming horror in the world (Vietnam, starvation, rioting, living in hopeless fear, etc.) that three puppies wandering off isn't very much, but I worry about it and see this simple event as the possible telescope for a larger agony.

" . . . three German shepherd puppies wandered away from their home up near the County line." It sounds like something from a Bob Dylan song.

Perhaps they vanished playing, barking and chasing each other, into the woods where lost they are to this very day, cringing around like scraps of dogs, looking for any small thing to eat, intellectually unable to comprehend what has happened to them because their brains are welded to their stomachs.

Their voices are used now only to cry out in fear and hunger, and all their playing days are over, those days of careless pleasure that lead them into the terrible woods.

I fear that these poor lost dogs may be the shadow of a future journey if we don't watch out. RICHARD BRAUTIGAN



The Progressive Blues Experiment, Johnny Winter (Imperial LP-12431).

What's this? Johnny Winter on Imperial? Wasn't it Columbia that signed him up after the albino blues man turned down a \$500,000 bid from RCA?

Yep. But while Columbia was stalking the artist himself, enterprising Imperial Records was busy purchasing this LP from Sonobest, a tiny Texas record company. Sonobest recorded Winter a couple of years ago (in Austin) but ran

off only a few thousand LPs. When all the incredible hype start building up concerning Winter's discovery the Sonobeat LP was virtually unavailable, even in Austin, let alone the rest of Texas, let alone any of the other united states.

So Imperial bought the master (for \$25,000, we are told), retained the title and the original cover art—that's Winter mirrored in the back of his shiny National steel-standard guitar—rushed it into production, and here it is.

And it's good but not great. Winter fights an uphill battle against one of the stiffest raggediest rhythm sections this side of the Rio Grande. The drummer mainly sticks with 2 and 4, deviating with disastrous effect from time to time, thumping around his kit and arriving back just off the beat. The bassist sticks with his monomaniacal dum-dum-dum-dum-dum figures with scarcely any variations, except that every now and again he gets lost.

Winter generates all the excitement that is to be found on this LP; and happily there is some. Seemingly oblivious to the shortcomings of the band, he gets off several bravado solo flights, his high throaty blues voice shouting along in unison with his guitar: tight-rope solos (especially listen to his own "Tribute to Muddy" and "Black Cat Bone") where every note is right out front, and if he were to miss a lick the whole thing would collapse. Winter doesn't miss; and when he's into this kind of thing he's so exciting an improviser as to make all the Winter hype seem justifiable.

The best things about Winter on this record: There's an urgency and bite to every track, even the ones that don't work. As an electric guitarist, Winter is explosive, fluid, percussive and driving.

The worst things about this record are largely the fault of its producers (Sonobeat folks) and partly Winter's choice of musicians and material. The worst is that while the sound of his guitar is very much in the foreground, his voice is in the distant background; he sounds as if he's shouting from across the street, and it's all but impossible to decipher most of the lyrics. Of course, if you're a blues freak you already know the words to the B. B. King, Howlin' Wolf, Muddy Waters, et al, numbers that make up most of the material. And this is another drawback: you are a little too familiar with his stuff, regardless how well it's done.

Two curiosities: On "Bad Luck and Trouble," a multi-tracked Winter blues, with Winter blowing harp, mandolin and his National steel-standard—and singing—it's so busy with overlays of blues on blues on blues as to be unhearable. "Broke Down Engine" is Winter alone, no multi-tracking, singing against his own oddly frantic bottleneck picking on the National.

It's a strange recording, this LP is, with a lot of ups, some downs, some so-so's—Muddy's "Rollin' & Tumblin'" for instance is given a pleasant, but no more than pleasant, ride—and it will be a disappointment of some dimension if Columbia is unable to do better by Winter. Because what you do get here is some raw and convincing blues playing and singing in the face of basically insurmountable handicaps. JOHN BURKS



A Bell Ringing in the Empty Sky, Goro Yamaguchi (Nonesuch H-72025).

There's a lot of powerful, eerie music in Japanese culture, but most Westerners have heard only the *koto*, a plucked zither that produces delicate plangent sounds. Delicacy is only one side of Japan though; there is also the gnarled toughness of Zen culture, and the melodic instrument of Zen is a throaty bamboo flute called *shakuhachi*, of which this is the first album to be made widely available.

Shakuhachi music has little in common with the mincing graces of the better-known *koto*, mostly the instrument of high-born ladies. The shakuhachi repertoire stems from a sect of wandering monks who played music in place of chanting the Buddhist scriptures. The mood of the music is a highly refined intellectual spirituality, an agonizing intense meditation on the Void. The sound is arhythmic, as if constantly on the verge of halting, and it often calls to mind sirens, or squealing water-pipes, or (most of all) electronic music.

The album title is drawn from the name of one of the two compositions on the album, "Koku-reibo," the best-known shakuhachi piece, full of the serenity and intensity of Zen. The other side is a more ingratiating composition, also two centuries old, "Depicting Cranes in Their Nest."

There's not much of this startling music available in this country. How fortunate it should appear in a budget line—for \$1.98, as they say, you can't go wrong. CHARLES PERRY



Elvis TV Special, Elvis Presley (RCA LPM 4088).

We were sitting around the TV set, brought down by the lip-sync song that had opened the show. Then the commercial was over and Elvis was standing on the stage, wearing a black leather motorcycle suit as if he'd been born in it. He twisted a mike and belted out the first lines of "Trouble," a Leiber-Stoller tune, and it was *Elvis Presley* before we had any idea where he'd come from. Sneering, laughing, rocking, he knew it all and it was all there.

Throughout the hour our nostalgia fought against the immediacy of the music and of Elvis himself, as we tried to figure out how old the girls/women in the audience were while we dug "Heartbreak Hotel" as if we'd never heard it before. We complained about the lush production, the Hollywood strings and the Broadway horns, the choreography and the dumb skits, but with Elvis and his music blasting through, it didn't matter. When he brought out his guitar and began to play the old Sun Records riffs for "One Night," nothing mattered.

But unless one is a collector of Presley memorabilia, this record is really not worth buying. What was irritating on TV is dominant here, with no Elvis to look at—they just wouldn't let him loose, just like when Ed Sullivan dressed him up in a tuxedo and kept the camera trained above his waist so many years ago. Elvis gets away occasionally, on "Jailhouse Rock," "Lawdy Miss Clawdy" and "One Night," but it's not enough. His raps are fun, what the little girls always wanted—"please," they'd write, "a record of Elvis talking"—but that's for collecting, not for listening.

What's interesting about this record is that it's proof that Elvis is not dated, but rather that he (or more likely his A&R men) thinks he is. Elvis' recent singles, especially "US Male" and the nicely over-done "If I Can Dream," proved he can still sell those records; the TV show proved he'd knock us dead on the road. But the new songs are not great, and Elvis will soon go back into hibernation if he simply makes albums of other people's hits or walks through an endless reprise of oldies.

What can he do? For one thing, Elvis could give the British blues singers their comeuppance—he's one of the finest white bluesmen around, as his searing vocal on "Reconsider Baby" (from the album *Elvis Is Back*) demonstrates. To be sure, for Elvis to link up with a first rate blues band and work out over some stronger material would require a rather novel decision on Col. Parker's part as to what sort of audience to aim for, but we'd buy it. Who does the Colonel think bought all those records in the first place?

Or, in the midst of all the Flying Burrito Brothers nonsense, Elvis might show us what rockabilly means today; with the Youngbloods (conveniently located on Elvis' label, RCA) as a backing group, musically and in place of the very dated Jordinares, forgotten cuts like Roy Orbison's "Ooby Dooby" and new songs by Carl Perkins and Johnny Cash might well define new directions in rock and roll rather than gather dust.

Elvis is too exciting and too good to try straddling the two worlds of pop and rock and roll. One step over is not one step back. GREIL MARCUS



Cold Shot, The Johnny Otis Show (Kent 534)

This is a monster of a blues album, one of the very best and freshest in recent years. Otis, of course, is well known as the leader of a highly successful package revue that toured extensively during the Fifties and enjoyed great success with Negro audience. His recent disclosure that he is not black but white blew a lot of minds, for his command of modern Negro popular music has been more than sufficient for him to have gained unqualified acceptance in the black community.

Now he's back blowing minds again with his imaginative, exciting album. Despite the name of the group "The Johnny Otis Show," the basic instrumentation is that of a trio—Otis, thanks to multiple recording, doubling on piano and drums, both of which he plays authentically; his 16-year-old son Johnny "Shuggie" Otis Jr. on guitars and bass (and occasionally harmonica) and a young, very impressive singer Delmar "Mighty Mouth" Evans. Occasionally a number of local Los Angeles bluesmen augment this basic format, but the honors definitely go to the trio. The three men create a lot of honest, inventive music, reaffirming the communicative power and continuing relevance of the blues (if there were ever any question of this). And there's a great deal of humor in their approach too.

The music is very contemporary sounding, thanks largely to the work of young Shuggie Otis, who has the sound and tonal effects of recent rock guitar down cold. Despite his youth, he plays solid, interesting lines—not just strings of licks—that move surefootedly and, most often, with real power. He has something to say and says it directly. And his concern with tone production is obvious in everything he plays. To say he's promising is to be condescending of his already solid accomplishment; such a qualification is irrelevant anyway. He's got the idiom covered.

There are any number of excellent performances. "The Signifyin' Monkey" is a very musical and forceful treatment of an old Negro bawdy toast that boasts flawless backup work and a pair of strong solos by Shuggie Otis. It doesn't mince words either, being a totally unexpurgated version of the old toast. Its only flaw is a clumsy ending. Equally impressive is "Country Girl," again with solid, imaginative guitar work, and a great amount of humor in the vocal. The instrumental "Cold Shot" is a bitch, with fine solos by both Otises and by amplified-violinist Sugar cane Harris (one half of the old Don and Dewey recording team). The tracks' only drawback is that it doesn't go on long enough; I could listen to a whole LP of this kind of music. Harris' playing especially is very bluesy. "Sittin' Here All Alone" and "Bye Bye Baby" have some very effective T.Boneish guitar work and fine Otis piano. And Evans' singing throughout the album is excellent, rhythmically relaxed and full of feeling. Just like a blues singer should be, in fact.

All in all, this is a very fine, successful album of contemporary blues. At its

best (and there's a lot of this), it's tremendously exciting and will provide the blues listener plenty of food for thought. And enjoyment. Highly recommended. PETE WELDING



20/20, the Beach Boys (Capital SKAO 133)

The Beach Boys are one of the stranger phenomena of rock. In 1963, they were responsible for some of the best rock by whites before the Beatles. They created a style, now dated, more sociologically than musically. The style has altered (improved, even), though not as much as the music itself.

The current album is a collage of several different phases of the group's career. "Do It Again" is the best California rock song they've done since "Help Me, Rhonda," an authentic lyric, fine hand-clap drum, lush in a more disciplined way than on *Pet Sounds*. "I Can Hear Music" has an interesting alto chorus, a balance of strong vocals rather than, as on most of the other cuts, a solo with backing. Almost, but not quite, tight enough. "Bluebirds Over the Mountain" is distinguished by subtle, even humorous, but nonetheless driving piano (here, as throughout their later stuff, Brian's piano is the central instrument, rather than guitar). The chorus here is nasal, and is a disadvantage. The "psychedelic" guitar is seemingly out of place, but undeniably good.

"Be With Me," by Dennis Wilson, uses woodwinds effectively, with heavy emphasis on brass that is, but for a couple of notes, quite tasteful. Again, this is reminiscent of *Pet Sounds*, where the major influence on Brian seemed to be Motown—a creative influence that, however, also fit right in with the temptation to over-sentimentalize the music. The fadeout on this piece is the highlight, a Space Odyssey-like distortion of strings and vocals. "All I want to Do," with fine piano and a simple but perfect bass line, uses guitar better than anywhere else on the album. The vocal is, ultimately, convincing. "The Nearest Faraway Place" is an alternately interesting and grotesquely over-done instrumental.

The second side has the record's two best pieces, one being the first band, "Cotton Fields" (that "Cotton Fields"), on which piano gives depth to harpsichord, the vocal is superb, the arrangement tight, and echo used better and more tastefully than by anyone since Phil Spector.

"I Went to Sleep" is not rock at all, but pop well-arranged. "Time to Get Alone" resolves the contradictions between pop and rock, with a real balancing of vocals tied to guitar by simple but effective drums; violin, the most abused of all rock instruments, is employed with restraint. "Never Learn Not to Love" is a fine vocal, though the material itself is an uncertain mixture of pop and soul influences. "Our Prayer" is a nice prayer, but undemanding.

"Cabinessence," the last cut on the second side, is one of the finest things Brian has ever done, a product of the *Smiley Smile* collaboration with Parks, whose extraordinary gift it is to make a cliché grow into a world: "Lost and found you still remain there/I'll find a meadow filled with reindeer—/I'll build you a home on the range." The totally orchestrated cacophony was an innovation in rock when they used it in *Smiley Smile*, and is still done here better than anywhere else. Piano imitates ukelele, and the solo vocal is gentle, but brilliant.

A good album, flawed mainly by a lack of direction (a sense of direction being last evident in *Wild Honey*), more a collection than a whole.

ARTHUR SCHMIDT

—Continued from Page 4

gas was not the cause of a massive Utah sheep kill last spring, an Army commander announced a plan to keep it from happening again. A 14-year-old trumpet player was kicked out of his Nashville high school band for refusing to play "Dixie"—and his mother fired from her job at the school. A 17-year-old high school student (and Black Student Union leader) in Los Angeles promised violence unless educational reforms are carried out: among them, that the works of "that old, dead punk" Johann Sebastian Bach should be overthrown in favor of the Supremes, Ray Charles and Marvin Gaye.

Who's where when: The Johnny Cash show will premiere on ABC-TV June 7th—with Bob Dylan on the very first show—as filmed in Nashville. . . . Johnny Winter has been added to the rock lineup for the Newport Jazz Festival, July 6, along with B. B. King and Led Zeppelin; and Winter was last heard of in Nashville, recording with his present band (despite rumors to the contrary)—plus, on some sessions, bassist Willie Dixon, and on others, bassist Shakey Jake Horton.

Signings & deals: Aretha's soul-singing sister Carolyn Franklin has signed with RCA, and if this reads like something you saw before, that's because Random Notes two weeks ago said Erma Franklin had signed with Brunswick. . . . Atlantic has signed Cher; Sonny to produce. . . . The Aerovons, a St. Louis rock band, has been signed by EMI, a real man-bites-dog number—they're maybe the first American band to be signed by an English label. . . . Fug Ed Sanders will produce for Douglas Records.

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gether. From Esalen on the West Coast to Cerebrum in the East, people are working to create an atmosphere in which people will feel perfectly free to look at each other, touch each other, and see hope to love each other. "The entertainment of the future must provide for this. It must allow people to explore together, relax together, and, most of all, have fun together. Cerebrum is the discoverer and pioneer of the new form of public entertainment."

Cerebrum will undoubtedly be copied, and numerous attempts will be made to commercialize it. Ruffin is not bitter about the prospect, though: "This happens with all new concepts. However, the original creators of any new idea are always able to keep the concept in its purest and most dynamic form while they continue to develop and perfect it. We intend to expand, and it is with this purity of form that all planning is being done. Cerebrum is the beginning."

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